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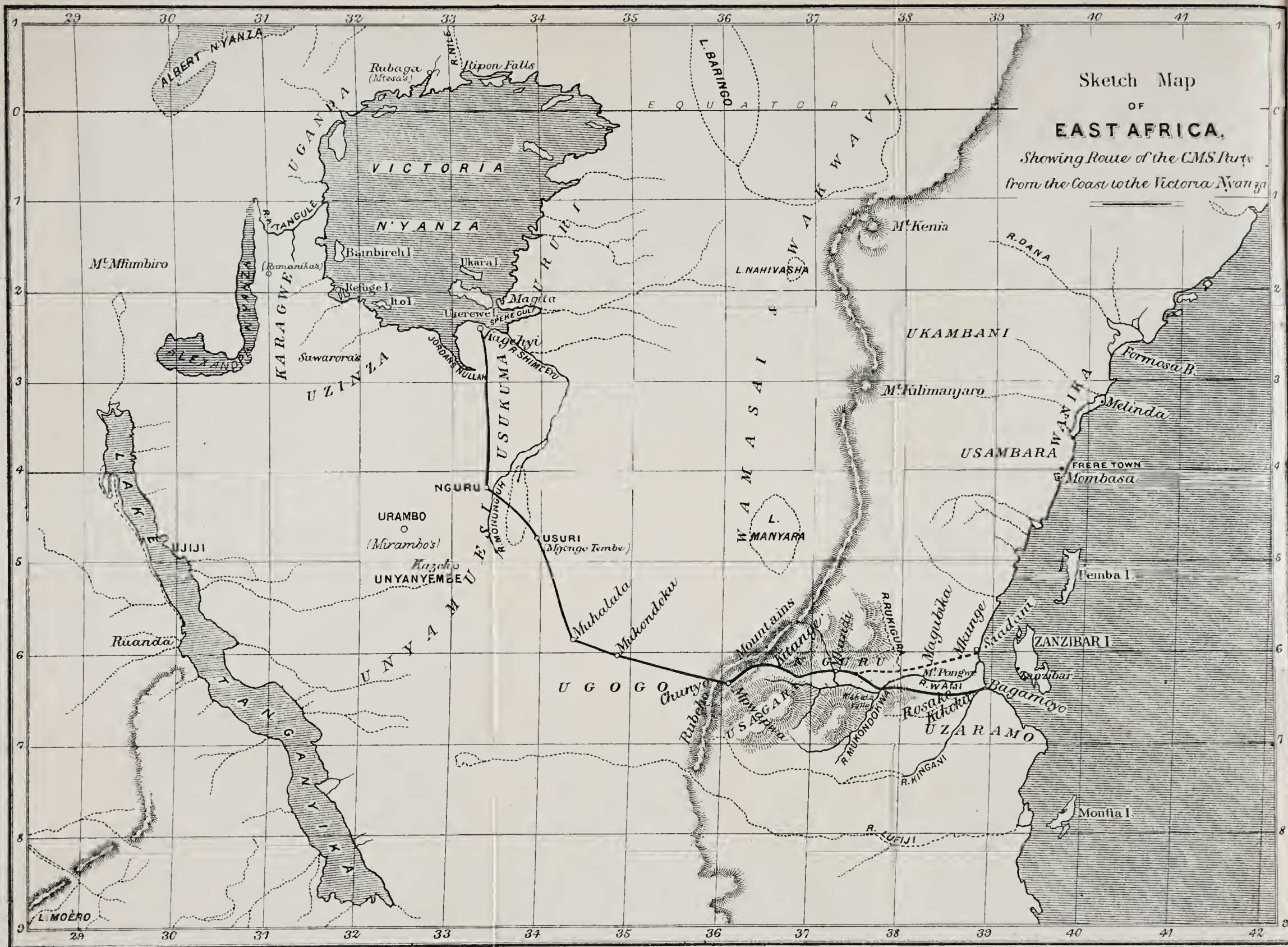
THE
VICTORIA NYANZA MISSION.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT
OF THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S MISSION
TO CENTRAL AFRICA,
WITH EXTRACTS FROM THE MISSIONARIES' LETTERS,
AND
A NEW MAP.

London :
CHURCH MISSIONARY HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

*Showing Route of the CMS Party
from the Coast to the Victoria Nyanza*





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THE VICTORIA NYANZA MISSION.

I.—*The Pioneers.*



WENTY-SEVEN years ago (January 2nd, 1851), Henry Venn wrote these words:—"If Africa is to be penetrated by European Missionaries, it must be from the East Coast." At that time no traveller had ever attempted to reach the interior from that side, except two Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society—John Ludwig Krapf and John Rebmann. Even Livingstone's more important journeys were yet in the future. The whole of Eastern Central Africa was an absolute blank on the map.

In the early part of 1844, Dr. Krapf, after seven years' missionary labour, in connection with the Church Missionary Society, in Abyssinia and Shoa, had sailed down the eastern coast of Africa, and, in pursuance of a plan which had been approved by the Society for the establishment of a Mission in East Africa, fixed his head-quarters at Mombasa, a small island in an estuary, about one hundred miles north of Zanzibar. There his wife died, worn out with privation and fatigue; but the solitary widower wrote home to the Society that, "as the victories of the Church are gained in stepping over the graves of her

members, that lonely grave is a sign that she is summoned to the conversion of Africa." In the following year he was joined by Mr. Rebmann, and with him began a fresh series of Missionary journeys.

"We came to Africa," wrote Rebmann in 1855, "without a thought or a wish of making geographical discoveries. We came as Missionaries, whose grand aim was but the spreading of the Kingdom of God." Yet it was the researches of Krapf, Rebmann, and Erhardt, that gave the first impetus to the exploration of Equatorial Africa.

II.—*Discovery of the Victoria Nyanza.*

In 1848, to the astonishment of the geographical world, Rebmann discovered a mountain rising far above the line of eternal snow, just under the Equator. This was Mount Kilimanjaro, which proved to be 5,000 feet higher than Mont Blanc. In 1852, the first vague accounts of a great inland sea as the reservoir of the Nile were gathered by Krapf from natives, and sent home to the Society. (See *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, April, 1852). In 1856, a large map, prepared by Rebmann and Erhardt from Native information, and showing a lake of immense extent at two months' journey from the coast, was exhibited at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society; and it was the interest excited by this map that led to the expedition of Burton and Speke in 1857—which resulted in the discovery, first, of Lake Tanganika, and then (June 1st, 1858), of the Sea of Ukerewe, to which Speke gave the name of the Victoria Nyanza—"Nyanza" meaning Lake. Speke says (*Nile Sources*, p. 364):—

"The Missionaries are the prime and first promoters of this discovery. They have been for years doing their utmost, with simple sincerity, to Christianise this Negro land. During their sojourn among these blacka-

moors, they heard from Arabs and others many of the facts I have stated. Amongst the more important disclosures made by the Arabs, was the constant reference to a large lake or inland sea. . . . From not being able to gain information of there being any land separations to the said water, they very naturally, and, I may add, fortunately, put upon the map that monster slug of an inland sea which so much attracted the attention of the geographical world in 1855-6, and caused our being sent out to Africa."

On this occasion Speke only saw the Victoria Nyanza at its southern extremity, and ascertained nothing respecting its size and shape, or as to the issue from it of the waters of the Nile. But in 1861, he undertook a second expedition with Grant, the main result of which was communicated in his famous telegram, "The Nile is settled." The dimensions of the lake were approximately fixed; the Nile was found to flow out of it northward; and two great monarchs, ruling over large territories, Mtesa, King of Uganda, and Rumanika, King of Karagué, received for the first time the visit of the white man.

A very interesting account was given of Uganda by Speke, and of Karagué by Grant. They were found to be peopled by a race, quite distinct from the Negro, called the Wahuma, and supposed to have had their origin in Abyssinia or the Galla country, and to belong to what Speke calls the "semi-Shem-Hamitic race of Ethiopia." The rulers of the two countries were very different. Mtesa was a self-indulgent and capricious youth; Rumanika much older, and dignified and gentle in an unusual degree.

III.—*Revival of the East Africa Mission.*

For twelve years no other European stood on the shores of Lake Victoria. Petherick, Baker, and others, tried the southward route *up* the Nile, and made fresh discoveries. Sir S. Baker, in particular, discovered a third large lake, which he named the Albert

Nyanza. But none of them reached the Lake or saw the kings, though Baker communicated with Mtesa. In the meanwhile attention was diverted to more southern climes. Livingstone had been lost sight of for years; but the finding of him by Stanley, in 1871, revealed to the world his great discoveries south and west of Tanganika. Two years later (1874) came the news of the great traveller's death. Once more the connection of the Church Missionary Society with African exploration was brought into prominence by the services of Jacob Wainwright; and the awakened resolve of England to put a stop to the East African Slave Trade, which had already borne fruit in Sir Bartle Frere's Treaty with Zanzibar, led to the new development of the C. M. S. Mission at Mombasa, under the Rev. W.S. Price. That Mission had been clung to through thirty years of difficulty and disappointment, in the firm hope that in God's good time it would become a base for evangelistic work in the interior; and this object was steadily kept in view in the new plans. In 1850, seven years before Speke's first journey, Dr. Krapf had visited England, to urge the Society to establish a chain of stations right across Africa;* and in the instructions delivered to him on his return to Mombasa—in which Henry Venn's significant words above quoted occur—he was authorised to make what advance he could into the interior, and was promised the support of the Committee, in full trust that the command would assuredly soon go forth, "Arise, walk through the land, in the length of it and in the breadth of it; for I will give it thee." (*C. M. Intelligencer*, Feb., 1851.) And the instructions delivered to Mr. Price, on his leaving for East Africa in 1874, a quarter of a century later,

* The late Prince Consort was much interested in Dr. Krapf's proposals, and communicated to the Society, through the Rev. Lord Wriothsley Russell, that, "in consequence of conversations he had had with Dr. Krapf, he felt anxious to give the weight of his influence to the proceedings of the Society on the East African Coast;" and he sent a present to the Imam of Muscat, who had shown kindness to the Missionaries.

contain these words, "A third object the Committee set before them is the establishment of a strong station, with a view to a chain of stations towards the interior."

The valuable linguistic labours of Krapf and Rebmann were another link connecting the Society with the evangelisation of Central Africa. It was Krapf who first studied Kisuahili, the *lingua franca* of the East Coast, and perceived its value as a medium of communication far into the interior; as may be seen from the Preface to his *Vocabulary of Six East African Languages*, published as far back as 1850. This language is actually spoken by the kings of Uganda and Karagué; so that we have but to teach them to read, and the Word of God is ready for them.

At length the call to go forward came, from the heart of Africa itself.

IV.—*Mr. Stanley and King Mtesa.*

In the same year (1874) that Mr. Priece went out to East Africa, Mr. Stanley also returned thither, commissioned by an English and an American newspaper to complete the explorations which Livingstone had left incomplete. Marching by a partly new route, he struck the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza almost at the point from which Speke had first beheld its waters; launched a boat he had carried with him; traced out the vast and diversified outline of the Lake; and paid his memorable visit to King Mtesa (April, 1875). He had, however, been preceded by Colonel Long, an officer attached to the staff of Colonel Gordon, the successor of Sir Samuel Baker as Governor of the territories on the Upper Nile recently acquired by Egypt. Both Long and Stanley found a great change in Mtesa. The latter wrote, "The Mtesa of to-day is vastly superior to the vain youth whom Speke and Grant saw. They left him a raw, vain youth, and a heathen. He is now a gentleman, and, professing Islamism,

submits to other laws than his own erratic will." This change seems to have been mainly due to the influence of an Arab trader, Khamis bin Abdullah, who had persuaded Mtesa to become a Mohammedan, and had introduced much of the barbaric civilisation associated with such courts as those of Muscat and Zanzibar.

Stanley, during his brief visit of five days, set before the king the superior claims of Christianity, and, in the course of a longer sojourn in Uganda, later in the year, gave him further instruction, the particulars of which have not yet been published. On his departure, to continue his travels—which subsequently took him right across the continent and completed the previous discoveries of Cameron by revealing the course of the Congo or Livingstone River—he left with Mtesa a Negro lad who had been brought up as a Christian in the School of the Universities' Mission at Zanzibar. It was mentioned by Colonel Gordon, when in England at the beginning of 1877, that an emissary of his to Uganda had found the boy daily reading the Bible with the King. But this was not known till after the despatch of the Mission whose story is now to be told.

V.—*The Nyanza Mission resolved upon.*

On November 15th, 1876, appeared Mr. Stanley's famous letter in the *Daily Telegraph*, announcing his arrival in Uganda, and communicating Mtesa's readiness to receive Christian teachers. Three days after, the following letter was received by the Lay Secretary of the Church Missionary Society:—

“November 17th, 1875.

“DEAR MR. HUTCHINSON,—My eyes have often been strained wistfully towards the interior of Africa, west of Mombasa, and I have longed and prayed for the time when the Lord would, by His Providence, open there a door of entrance to the heralds of the Gospel.

The appeal of the energetic explorer Stanley to the Christian Church from Mtesa's capital, Uganda, taken in connexion with Colonel Gordon's occupation of the upper territories of the Nile, seems to me to indicate that the time has come for the soldiers of the Cross to make an advance into that region.

If the Committee of the Church Missionary Society are prepared at once and with energy to organise a Mission to the Victoria Nyanza, I shall account it a high privilege to place £5,000 at their disposal as a nucleus for the expenses of the undertaking.

I am not so sanguine as to look for the rapidity of success contemplated by Mr. Stanley; but if the Mission be undertaken in simple and trustful dependence upon the Lord of the Harvest, surely no insurmountable difficulty need be anticipated, but His presence and blessing be confidently expected, as we go forward in obedience to the indications of His Providence and the command of His Word.

I only desire to be known in this matter as

AN UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.

[“So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants : we have done that which was our duty to do.”— Luke xvii. 10.]

On the 23rd, a Special Meeting of the Committee was held to consider this proposal. Very solemn were the feelings of all present. The enterprise was confessedly a difficult, perhaps a dangerous one. The journey was long and arduous; if successfully accomplished, the Mission would be some 800 miles from its base upon the coast; it was very doubtful what reliance could be placed upon the sincerity, or at least upon the stability, of Mtesa's good intentions. But it was felt that this was no mere call from the King of Uganda, no mere suggestion of an enterprise never thought of before. The past could not be forgotten. The long chain of events which had led to the invitation stood out before the memory. At one end of the chain was a fugitive Missionary of the C. M. S., led by the providence of God to a point on the coast where he heard vague rumours of a great inland sea, covering a space till then blank upon the map. At the other end of the chain was the C. M. S. again, offered a noble contribution to undertake

the work of planting the banner of Christ on the shores of the largest of the four or five inland seas discovered in the meanwhile. Was not the call from God? Like Paul at Troas, "Immediately we endeavoured to go, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the Gospel unto them." After full discussion, and fervent prayer for Divine guidance, the Committee passed the following Resolution:—

"That this Committee, bearing in mind that the Church Missionary Society is primarily commissioned to Africa and the East, and recognising a combination of providential circumstances in the present opening in Equatorial Africa, thankfully accepts the offer of the anonymous donor of £5,000, and undertakes, in dependence upon God, to take steps for the establishment of a Mission to the vicinity of the Victoria Nyanza, in the prayerful hope that it may prove a centre of light and blessing to the tribes in the heart of Africa."

Within a week of the publication of this Resolution, another promise of £5,000 was received; and about £4,000 was subsequently contributed in smaller sums.

VI.—*Plans and Preparations.*

It will have been noticed that the donor of the first £5,000 referred in his letter to Colonel Gordon's occupation, for the Khedive of Egypt, of the upper territories of the Nile, as one of the providential circumstances calling on the Society to undertake the Mission; and at first it was expected that the route to Uganda would be up the great river. But further consideration showed that it would be undesirable for the Mission to be identified, even in appearance, with the Egyptian policy of annexation; and also that the increasing importance of Zanzibar as an emporium of trade, and the liberal tendencies of its Sultan, as witnessed by his energy in suppressing the export of slaves, pointed to the East Coast as the natural starting-point for an expedition to the Lake

region. Nor could the Society's long-cherished desire to penetrate the interior from that coast fail to influence the Committee in deciding, as they did decide, to start from Zanzibar.

Numerous offers of service were immediately received; but many of the candidates proved manifestly unsuitable, and others withdrew on learning the real nature of the enterprise. The following were selected:—Lieutenant G. Shergold Smith, R.N., who had served in the Ashanti campaign, and whose heart, while he was in Africa, had been much drawn out in sympathy for the Negro race; the Rev. C. T. Wilson, Curate of St. James's, Collyhurst, Manchester; Mr. Thos. O'Neill, Diocesan Architect, Cork; Mr. Alexander M. Mackay, a Scotch gentleman engaged in mechanical engineering works near Berlin; Dr. John Smith, of the Edinburgh Medical Mission; and Mr. W. Robertson, a blacksmith and industrial teacher. A builder at Newcastle, Mr. James Robertson, was also allowed to accompany the Mission at his earnest wish, and at his own expense, although his health was not such as to warrant the Committee in formally accepting him. In addition to these, a railway contractor's engineer, Mr. G. J. Clark, was engaged to establish an intermediate station some 200 miles from the coast. Eight in all.

The equipment of the expedition was as complete as human foresight could make it. In all the details of preparation, Colonel Grant, the companion of Speke, gave most valuable counsel; and Lieutenant Cameron, who arrived in England from his great journey just at this time, also examined the Society's plans, and made one or two important suggestions. Full instructions for the party were drawn up with the aid of Colonel Grant's experience, and of the Scotch Mission on Lake Nyassa.

At the very time that the preparations for the expedition were actively going forward, some generous friends of the Society presented it with a sea-going steam yacht, the *Highland Lassie*, for

the use of the Mombasa Mission. Her first association, however, was with the new Nyanza Mission ; for Lieutenant Smith volunteered to sail her out to the East Coast. She left Teignmouth Harbour on March 11th, 1876, and after being literally blown across the Bay of Biscay before a northerly gale, had a smooth and uneventful voyage, through the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, and the Red Sea, to Aden.* Here Lieutenant Smith left her to beat slowly up against the monsoon, and went on by steamer, accompanied by other members of the party who had arrived by the mail-packet, and reached Zanzibar on May 29th.

From Mr. T. O'Neill.

Zanzibar, 3rd June, 1876.

All our friends will be glad to hear that we have reached this stage safely, and that everything promises well for the success of the enterprise in which we are engaged. No doubt we are not yet at the beginning of our troubles ; but we are full of hope, and in reliance on the all-powerful aid of our ever gracious, loving Father, we are persuaded that all difficulties shall be overcome.

I am greatly pleased with Zanzibar. I dub it "the Erin of the East," which is the highest compliment I can pay it. We are now, like Paul, in "our own hired house," known as Guilion Ngamba. It has been secured by Mr. Price for the use of the C. M. S. I have suffered from the effects of prickly heat very much. I am informed that this is an evidence of good health, but confess I would rather dispense with its being exhibited in this form.

Thus, in just six months from the resolve of the Society to undertake the work, a picked Missionary party, fully equipped with every appliance both for the arduous march before them and for a settlement far in the interior, was already on the shores of the great Continent. Was not this of itself a token that the Mission was "prevented with God's most gracious favour," and would be surely "furthered with His continual help" ?

* See the narrative of the voyage in the *Church Missionary Gleaner*, June, 1876.

VII.—*Preliminary Work on the East Coast.*

Although the East Coast had been chosen as a base for the expedition, the particular route to be followed had yet to be decided upon. The usual starting-point of caravans for the interior was Bagamoyo, a place on the coast opposite the Island of Zanzibar. From thence the track lay across a marshy plain for a distance of several days' journey, and then gradually rose towards the highlands of Usagara, in which, at a place called Mpwapwa, 230 miles from the coast, and 3,000 feet above the sea level, it was proposed to fix the intermediate station. The ordinary route then proceeds westward, upon the great interior plateau, crossing two wide strips of waterless country, and passing through the densely populated district of Ugogo, after which it enters the country of Unyamuezi, in which, some 550 miles from the coast, is the great centre of East African trade, Kazeh or Unyanyembe, the head-quarters of an Arab governor under the Sultan of Zanzibar. From this place three routes diverge: one continuing westward to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganika; the second trending north-west through Uzinza to Karagué; the third, nearly due north, the route taken by Speke in 1858, when he first saw Lake Victoria. But Stanley, on his second expedition (the one so recently completed), had diverged from the main tract some 200 miles short of Unyanyembe, at a place called Mukondoku, on the western edge of Ugogo, and from thence had struck out a new route nearly N.N.W., direct to the southern end of the Lake, through Ukimba and Usukuma; and this route the C. M. S. proposed to follow.

But first it was resolved to test the navigability of two rivers falling into the Indian Ocean, in the hope that one or other of them might prove to be an easy way of reaching the Usagara uplands, thus avoiding the unhealthy march over the swampy plain bordering the coast. These rivers are the Kingani, which falls into the sea

near Bagamoyo; and the Wami, the mouth of which is some thirty miles further north, nearly opposite the northern end of Zanzibar Island. For this purpose a small steam-launch of light draft, the *Daisy*, had been constructed by Messenger, of Teddington, so contrived, with water-tight compartments, that she could, if necessary, be taken to pieces and carried in sections across country.

Lieut. Smith's first task, therefore, on arriving in East Africa, was to explore the Wami. This river had, at the suggestion of the C. M. S., in view of future eventualities, been surveyed for a short distance three years before, by order of Sir Bartle Frere, when he was at Zanzibar; and a favourable report had been made upon it. But it proved useless for the purposes of the Mission. (1) It was so tortuous that a land journey would take less time. (2) Except after the rainy season, it was in many places too shallow. (3) The current was too rapid for a small vessel of low steam power to make head against it.* Next, Mr. Mackay, in company with Vice-Consul Holmwood, tried the Kingani,† but this stream was found to be more tortuous even than the Wami, and so sharp were the bends that even the little *Daisy* was too long to get round them easily. There was no alternative, therefore, but to take the regular land journey, as Speke and Grant, Cameron, and Stanley had done.

While these preliminary explorations had been going on, the general preparations for the journey had been in active progress at Zanzibar. Even if one of the rivers had proved available, there would still have been the long march onward from the point of disembarkation; so that the baggage of the party, and the goods

* See Mr. Mackay's Journal of the Exploration, *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, Sept., 1876.

† See Mr. Mackay's Journal, *Church Missionary Gleaner*, Nov. and Dec., 1876; and Vice-Consul Holmwood's Report, *C. M. Intelligencer*, Jan. 1877.

and appliances of various kinds needed for a permanent settlement in the interior, had to be carefully packed in loads of 60 to 70 lbs. convenient for being carried by the *pagaazis* or porters. The *Daisy* itself was taken to pieces, and its several sections cut asunder and slung on poles, to be carried on to the Lake. A small engine and boiler, specially designed for the Lake, had been brought from England. Above all, the *money* had to be obtained, and disposed likewise in loads; for the only currency in the interior is either cotton cloth—the *merikani* (American make) being most used—or brass wire of different kinds. The wages of the men, their daily rations, the *hongo*, or toll demanded by certain tribes on the route, and any purchases of food at the villages, must all be paid in this bulky “coin,” which itself required a large additional number of porters to carry it. And no small part of the labour of preparation consisted in the hiring of these *pagaazis*, as readers of Speke and Stanley will understand. Most of them were Wanyamuezi, natives of Unyamuezi,* the country of which Unyanyembe is the chief town, as already mentioned. They come down to the coast with ivory caravans, and then are glad of an engagement for the return journey.

A letter from Lieut. Smith describes a “day” at Bagamoyo:—

From Lieut. Smith.

Zanzibar, August 19th.

My day at Bagamoyo commences at 6 o'clock with a cup of coffee and a banana; then, after setting the carpenters, &c., to work, the business of the day commences. Pagaazi are to be paid cloth, for all is in advance in this country; then to have loads apportioned them. Then, when evening comes, they are paid *posho*, a sum of money to buy food. Two pice per day, or a little less than one penny per man, is the allowance; and on that they live and thrive—no gourmand's fare. One pice for mahogo,

* It may be well here to explain that in the East African languages the prefixes *U*, *Wa*, *M*, *Ki*, denote respectively the country, the people, an individual, and the language. Thus, *U-ganda*, the country; *Wa-ganda*, the people of Uganda; *M-ganda*, one of the Waganda; *Ki-ganda*, the language of Uganda.

the cassava root, and another pice for some coarse grain—thus they live and enjoy life, if laughter, and singing, and chattering, and sleep are fair interpreters of joy.

At 10 o'clock breakfast, consisting generally of a piece of ox or fish, curry and fruit, milk (when it can be obtained) and coffee.

The middle of the day is variously spent—looking after men, receiving Arab visitors, and making big talks with merchants anxious to “sell” me men (for that is the best term to use) at a dollar a head. The pagaazi, as they enter a coast town, are taken charge of by some merchant, who, if he does not want them himself, offers them to those who do at whatever his conscience dictates.

About 5 o'clock, accompanied by the Arab interpreter, Mahommed bin Sayed, I may, perhaps, if work is not heavy, take a stroll round the Bagamoyo gentlemen's shambas, or gardens, outside the town.

Dinner—virtually breakfast over again—is generally ready at 6.30; after which, writing up journal, trying to square accounts, and getting very sleepy over the figures. • Bed about 10 o'clock, at which hour the last Wanyamuezi voice will have stopped its monotonous chant, and silence would reign, unless its dominion were disputed by the singing mosquito. I am always glad to hear it sing, as then I know that its sharp mandible is not lodging beneath the skin. They may possibly be Nature's physicians—their *bills* are quite long enough to warrant the assumption!

Mungo, the fine black dog, causes considerable excitement in the streets. Strict Mussulmans avoid his touch as that of an unclean animal, and get out of his way, whilst he stalks proudly on. The negroes like to call him, and pronounce his name “Mevango:” but he is very indifferent to their solicitations unless accompanied by something to eat. Bagamoyo is a great place for firing guns, and poor Mungo lives in constant dread that he is to be the victim of the discharge. It is amusing to watch a gun being fired. It is held at the hip, and when all is ready the head is averted, the trigger pulled, and if the gun goes off the negro laughs and runs away, and Mungo, tail between his legs, rushes home.

Bagamoyo, September 8th.

Yet anchored here; pagaazi not procurable. I might grieve, had not waiting times been so often blessed to me as the heralds of time more propitious, and made me feel more my dependence upon God, and my necessity for grace to say truly, “Thy will be done.”

In the midst of these preparations, the first sorrow fell upon the

expedition. Mr. James Robertson, the Newcastle builder, fell a victim to dysentery on August 5th, notwithstanding the unremitting attention of Dr. Robb, the Consular surgeon at Zanzibar, as well as of Dr. Smith. His vacant place was in part immediately filled up by the offer of Mr. Harry Hartnoll, the mate of the *Highland Lassie*, to go with the party as far as Mpwapwa and settle there for a time with Mr. Clark.

VIII.—*From the Coast to Mpwapwa.*

The expedition left Bagamoyo in four divisions. The first, under Mr. O'Neill and Mr. Clark, started on July 14th; the second, under Mr. Wilson and Mr. Robertson, on July 29th; the third, under Mr. Mackay and Mr. Hartnoll, on August 29th; and the last, under Lieut. Smith and Dr. Smith, on September 14th. Each party took from five to six weeks to reach Mpwapwa; and the first two were at that place before the fourth had started. We give some extracts from the letters descriptive of this section of the journey; and we begin with Lieut. Smith's, on his final departure from Bagamoyo with the rear-guard:—

From Lieut. Smith.

Camp at Gonera,

3 miles from Bagamoyo, Sept. 13th, 1876.

Our fourth party consists of Dr. Smith and self, one interpreter, one cook, one carpenter, 37 Zanzibar pagaazi, carrying an average load of 40 lbs.; 45 Wasukuma pagaazi, carrying an average load of 65lbs.; one man, the head of the caravan, asking for and carrying the two-third part of lake-boat's shaft, weighing over 100lbs. He is a fine fellow, and with a red blanket on his back, and his voice chanting some homeward-bound air, he looks as happy and joyful as if the 100 odd pounds on his shoulder were a feather-weight. We have with us ten donkeys—active and troublesome some of them.

I cannot express my deep thankfulness to God at being permitted to

start, faith strengthened and conviction deepened that it is His work, that we go forward in His strength, borne up by prayer, and supported by those everlasting arms whose love has drawn us and will draw the thousands of Africa to lay the burden of their sins on Jesus, and acknowledge him Redeemer, Lord and King. May the time soon come ! And we pray not for Africa only, but remember our brethren toiling in lands not so prominently brought before the Christian world as Africa now is.

God willing, we start at daybreak to-morrow ; it is now 9.30 p.m. The camp is quieting down.

Mr. Mackay's letters on the road give a vivid idea of the practical difficulties of African travel :—

From Mr. A. M. Mackay.

On the banks of the Wami,

Monday, 18th Sept., 1876.

My caravan has got thus far in safety to goods and to men. On the whole, we have had a very pleasant passage, and one attended with no physical, and very few other difficulties. I can recognize the leading hand of God in our whole journey.

I have 200 pagaazi, Wasukuma and Wanyamwesi, and fourteen so-called Askari (soldiers) from Zanzibar, who never had a gun in their hands before. Besides these, three carpenters, one mason, and three stoker-boys, with four donkeys and a little dog, serve to wind up the list of the company. Supernumeraries, of course, there are a few—the wives of one or two of the porters, the aged invalid father of another, the boys of one or two more.

Suddenly to have stepped into the position of “father” to such a large family of children, every day crying out “Poss-ho,” which may be translated “Give us our daily bread,” is by no means a joke. All their little disputes and complaints I have to settle. My interpreter is very poor in English, and makes as much misunderstanding as the reverse ; still we get on wonderfully, at times one method of argument succeeding, at times another.

I have been concentrating my energies on making rapid marches, but it is fearfully hard work ; the endless little worries one has to go through require a very, very large stock of patience. I believe I have sometimes, in one day, as much occasion to exercise restraint of temper, as in many months with European workmen.

It occurs to me often as a poser,—If 200 men on march can give such endless trouble, what anxiety must poor Moses have been in on his march with more than 2,000,000 souls? The Lord God was with him seems to be the only explanation, and my fears are all calmed by the fact that this caravan is the Lord's, and He will give all necessary grace for guiding it.

Mpwapwa, Oct. 14th, 1876.

My journey from the coast occupied me in all forty-two days, including six Sundays, on which days we rested according to the Commandment, and four days besides, on which the pagaazi allowed their affection for boiling pots of peas and matama grain to exceed their inclination to march. We had, therefore, thirty-two marching days in all, or an average of about seven miles a day. If you compare my rate with that of all our other caravans, I think you will allow that I did not lose much time by the way. But it is owing entirely to the goodness and love of God, who preserved my men from sickness, so that we had little delay on that account, which is generally the chief hindrance. I lost only one man on the road. He succumbed to dropsy one evening, a couple of miles from camp, and I, being on before, knew nothing of his breaking down till I heard his fellows had thrown him aside in the bush for the hyenas to pick his bones.

Small-pox has been raging fearfully in all up-going caravans ahead of me, and we had to turn out of the proper road when we came to the Wami River, as my men were all terror-stricken. That necessitated our wading for two days through a something like what Stanley describes as the "Makata Swamp." I had just one case of small-pox, which I kept always in quarantine, and thus saved the rest of the men. The boy has recovered nicely, but it would have shocked the ideas of English doctors to see a small-pox patient, with his legs at the height of the eruption, march often ten, sometimes sixteen, miles a day, and to find him wading for part of two days knee-deep in mud and water!

Unfortunately, three marches back, we encamped in huts which I suspect were previously occupied partly by small-pox victims, for three of my men suddenly fell ill there, and one died here this morning. The other two are doing well.

Much has been made of the difficulties of the way. They are nothing compared with the difficulties occasioned every day by the wild-geese method of marching which we, like all before us, have adopted, and which we shall have to continue till you go to the very small expense of clearing the way a little of grass and trees and stones, in the upper portion, for a waggon to come up. To be every day at the mercy of a few hundred

half-savage porters who are absolutely self-willed, and whom one can control in no other way except occasionally through their stomachs, is the real difficulty of African travel.

But our fullest narrative of this part of the journey is contained in a journal of Mr. Wilson's, and as we shall not describe any other section in such detail, we give some large extracts:—

From Journal of Rev. C. T. Wilson.

July 28th.—Employed all the morning in getting the pagaazi together, and getting their loads out. Some of them had been working at the French Mission on previous days, and had not got their cloth packed, and we had a good deal of trouble with them about it; but by three o'clock we had got most of them off for Gunira, the first halt, distant, according to my pedometer, two miles and three-quarters. About three o'clock Lieut. Smith and I started for Gunira with three pack-donkeys carrying loads; and my servant Baraka, and Mabruki, the tall cooper and guide, who is the finest specimen of a negro I have seen—tall, well made, about twenty-three years of age, possessing all the good temper of his race, and as strong as a horse. The donkeys were tied one behind the other, and gave us a great deal of trouble at first, constantly flying off at a tangent and breaking their ropes; and on coming to the only tree on the whole way, which grew in the middle of the path, two of them at once made up their minds to go on opposite sides of it, and one was nearly strangled in the attempt. We got on with them better for a time, till we came to the swamp just before Gunira, when the donkey which was carrying the ammunition-cases wanted to lie down in the water, but Mabruki had him up, and made him keep his feet. This swamp was beautiful, being full of splendid ferns, and a very pretty pink convolvulus, and at night was perfectly alive with fire-flies—a sight worth coming hundreds of miles to see. Arrived at Gunira, we unloaded the donkeys, pitched the tent, and got things straight. Then we drew up our men in a circle, and the kilangozi, or guide and head-man, went round with us while we paid each man two days' postho or money allowance for food, and gave each man a zinc talley, with a number on it to distinguish them. These tallies delighted them, and many of them went off with them, skipping and dancing like children with a new toy.

Aug. 1st.—Mohammed came up early in the morning, and said the interpreter had come, so I decided at once to go on to Kekoko; and

orders were accordingly given to the men to prepare for the march, the tent was struck, the donkeys loaded, and the kilangozi (or guide) carrying the "Union Jack" started at 11.30. When two-thirds of the men were off, the four pack-donkeys were started, and I followed them, leaving Robertson to see the rest of the men off, and follow on the riding donkey. About a mile from Gunira we came to a mud-hole, which had to be crossed, and here my troubles began. The two smaller donkeys, including the one carrying the precious ammunition, got through the mud fairly well, but the other two lay down in it and refused to stir. We had to take their loads off, and haul them out by main force. I was toiling away with coat off, shirt-sleeves rolled up, and up to my knees in a sticky compound of black mud and water, under a scorching sun, for three-quarters of an hour. At last, however, we were off again, and crossing a wooded ridge, entered the broad, flat valley of the Kingani, covered with a dense growth of high grass, in which antelope and hippopotamus are found. But here again we had terrible work with the donkeys. There was a deep, muddy ditch, down which a slow stream of water was flowing, to be crossed. A single narrow plank had been placed as a bridge, and over this we had to get the donkeys, but they refused to go, and began to plunge, so we had to unload them all, and haul them across. In the midst of my troubles, Robertson came up and gave a helping hand, and, after an hour's hard work, we were off again, and plodding on over the plain. There were immense quantities of a lovely little pink here, varying in colour from pale crimson to deep scarlet. About half a mile from the river we came to another ditch, narrower but deeper, and with more water in it than the former. I made a bridge of logs, and bundles of grass laid over, but the donkeys would not cross it; so we sent a man to fetch some axes and a saw to cut some planks, which were nailed to some posts driven into the mud, and the donkeys were forced over a plank bridge. We soon then reached the river, and found all the men waiting to cross; so we got the two boats belonging to the place, which were tree-trunks hollowed out, and sent our men over. The owner of the boats wanted six dollars for taking them over, but I told him I should only give him the proper sum, about a dollar. The crossing was a long job, and we soon found it would be impossible to get to Kekoko that day, so we determined to encamp on the other side of the river. When half the things were over, the ferryman wanted to be paid; but I told him that in England we did not pay for a job till it was done, and that I should not give him a single pice till every man, donkey, and package was over. It was between eight and nine o'clock before I crossed and went to our tent. I was tired out, and, after having supper

and going round the camp to see that all was right, went to bed. The distance from Gunira to the river by my pedometer was six miles and three quarters. The day was bright and very hot.

2nd.—Got up early, and went out to shoot some provisions. I determined to go on to Kekoko, instead of waiting for the cook and carpenters, as I intended last night. So I told the kilangozi to get ready; but the men did not want to go, and made all sorts of excuses; but I was determined, told the kilangozi to get ready, and went to load the donkeys. After an hour's work at this, I found the men no more ready than before, and, on asking the cause, I found that about a third of them had gone off to buy sugar-cane. So I told the kilangozi to start with what men we had, and I would look after the rest. He accordingly did so, and I saw with great delight the Union Jack disappear in the jungle about 1.30. As I had expected, this had the effect of bringing back the run-aways. The road lay by the river for a mile, and then entered a dense grass jungle, which gradually gave place to beautiful park-like country, with giant caetuses and euphorbias growing in the thickets. Shortly before this I passed the body of a boy by the road; he had died apparently of small-pox. About four o'clock I reached Kekoko, which consists of a few huts here and there, among maize and mahogo fields. An Arab sent us a present of a fowl, and lent us a grass mat to use as a carpet, and told us to keep a good watch, as there were thieves about. Distance from the Kingani to Kekoko, five miles and three-quarters by pedometer. Day hot but cloudy. A shower about three o'clock.

3rd.—Got up early, and began to prepare for a start, but the kilangozi refused, saying the men wanted rest, and would desert if we attempted to go on against their will; so there was nothing for it but to wait till to-morrow, as desertion is a thing to be specially avoided if possible.

4th.—By daybreak the camp was astir, and at 6.30 the first of the caravan started. After going about a mile, the donkeys were in difficulties again. The road lay through most lovely, open forest—clear spaces covered only with high grass, alternated with clumps of large trees surrounded by dense jungle, among which the path wound. The air was loaded with the scent of various aromatic plants, as jessamine and syringa, of which there was a species with a large white blossom. The road ascended gradually for six miles, till we were 200 feet above Kekoko. At this point we got the first approach to a distant view we have yet had, and on all sides was the same interminable forest, reaching even to the tops of some blue hills before us, distant some thirty miles. The path then descended into a grassy valley, where we encamped, having gone seven miles by my pedometer. There was no village near, and nothing con-

sequently to be bought; and as our stock of meat consisted of two or three pigeons, Robertson and I took our rifles and went out to look for antelope, which were said to be near; but after a weary tramp of some miles we returned without having seen anything. We got some tamarinds here, which were a great boon, as we made a most refreshing drink from the acid pulp which surrounds the seeds, mixed with sugar and water. After dinner we went to bed thoroughly tired.

5th.—There was nothing for breakfast but coffee and a few small biscuits, so, after making the most of these, we started about seven o'clock. The road lay through the same park-like forest as before; indeed, so like an English park was some of it, that I should scarcely have been surprised if, on turning a corner, I had seen a large house and well-kept garden. After a two and a-half hours' march we arrived at Rosako, distant eight miles from our last camp. Here we encamped, and the news soon spread that a Musungu caravan had arrived; and the chief of the village sent a sheep to know if we would buy it, which we did for two dollars.

12th.—Reached the foot of the first peak of the Pongwe hills—a fine, bold hill, with large masses of rock near the summit, its sides being nearly covered with forest; the top is bare of trees. We skirted its base, passing through fields of tobacco and matama. . . . The country here has a curious appearance, as nearly everything is red. The soil is a bright red, tenacious clay, of which the houses are made, a framework of sticks being thickly plastered with it. The bark of the trees has the same colour, and gives a curious appearance to the forests. I should think when Africa is opened up, there will be large quantities of iron found here. I was struck by the immense number of castor-oil trees here, whole acres being covered with them, and they grew thickly in the matama fields.

Sunday, 13th.—After breakfast we made inquiries as to the possibility of getting to the top of either of the mountains, but we found that the one was infested with large snakes, and the other with lions, so we did not make the attempt.

15th.—Robertson was too ill to move.

16th.—Robertson a good deal better. Decided to go on, and sent for the kilangozi to tell him so, when I found the men had a lazy fit; they said some were sick, and one had broken his leg. I went to see the broken leg, and found it perfectly sound; so I told the men I should give them no food that day; if they would not work, I should not feed them. In the evening I sent for the kilangozi, and asked him, if I gave the men food that night, whether they would promise to go on in the morning. He said they would, and on the strength of his promise I gave them food.

18th.—The Usagara mountains are directly facing us, visible in the blue distance ; their tops are generally covered with clouds, but they cleared off at evening, and the mountains looked very grand as the sun set behind them.

21st.—After a long march, about ten miles I should think, we reached the village of Wedigumba in the valley of the Wami, and about a quarter of a mile from the river. Robertson and I walked down to it. It certainly here looks like a river that would be navigable to a steam-launch ; it was about sixty yards wide, flowing with a strong muddy current about two miles and a half an hour—its course here was due east. The banks of the river are very pretty ; tall trees, covered with enormous creepers, overhang the stream, dipping their boughs in its water ; the pretty white jessamine grows plentifully, filling the air with its scent. Here and there are little islands covered with a tall graceful grass, and a little bright-green palm. One tree I have specially noticed here ; it has a bark something like the plane-tree, only whiter, and has a spreading head of dark foliage. It grows perfectly straight, without a branch till near the top. One I saw must have been eighty or ninety feet to the first branch, and as straight as an arrow.

22nd.—We started about 7.30, and proceeded up the Wami valley. The character of the country was completely changed, being a broad, flat, open valley, with very few trees except on the river bank, and these few mimosas and acacias. The valley is evidently a swamp during the rainy season, but now it was dry enough. The donkey I rode possesses more than his share of obstinacy ; he is always stopping when I don't want him to do so, and won't stop when I do ; he persisted, in spite of all my endeavours to stop him, in galloping with me as hard as he could down a gully as steep as the roof of a house.

26th.—The men did not want to go, but the king of the village sent a message to say he wanted us gone. So I told him that I could not get them to move, but if he liked to try I should be very glad. He did so, and, his majesty's logic succeeding, we were off by a few minutes past eight. Our road lay through the forest which covers the banks of the Wami, and which must be almost primeval. Enormous trees, covered with creepers as thick as a man's leg, and often twisted like huge ropes, form the forest, as there is little underwood. It was deliciously cool here, as the trees quite kept out the sun. We soon came to the bridge, and such a bridge it was ! It was made of two stout creepers stretched from one bank to the other, and supported at intervals by stakes driven into the bed of the river. Here and there stout pieces of wood were tied across from one creeper to the other, and on these were lashed long poles,

with occasional cross-pieces to keep them in their places. Two rude sort of hand-rails were made of creepers fastened to sticks. The bridge was also further secured by creepers tied to trees on each bank; but the whole shook and trembled most ominously when you walked on it. The sticks, too, had got worn smooth, and were quite polished from frequent use; there were also great gaps, which told you plainly if you slipped you must go into the river below. The men got over very well, but the question was, how to get the donkeys across. They could not possibly walk over the bridge, and as the river here is deep in its banks, and very rapid, it seemed almost equally impossible to swim them across; but as this was the only alternative, we passed a rope across the river, and tied it round one of the donkeys. But the place we tried was too steep, he slipped and fell into the water, getting the rope off his body, and was swept away by the stream. I thought he would have been drowned, but the men got hold of him, as the current carried him to the opposite shore, and hauled him out. I saw that it would not do to try and get the other donkeys across at that place, so as there was a nice flat place a little lower down, the way to which, however, was blocked by fallen trees, I sent for an axe, and, after half an hour's work, had cleared a road for the donkeys. The rope was then passed across, and the donkeys hauled safely over. When three of them were over, the fourth suddenly seemed to become aware that his companions were on the other side, and dashed into the water and swam over, but not finding a good landing-place, swam back again, and was hauled over like his brothers. The road on the other side was a terrible one; there was much more under-wood, which kept constantly catching the donkeys' loads, and gave us a great deal of trouble with them; also, in common with most African roads, the path consisted of a rut full of mud, and was constantly crossed by roots of trees, which made walking most difficult. We encamped in a grassy plain, having gone three miles, and taken four hours to do it; the crossing of the Wami took three hours.

31st.—To-day we started at ten minutes to seven. Our road lay along the base of the mountains, but after a time we turned up a very steep path across a spur of the mountains. Then we wound along a valley, constantly ascending till we came to a broad, shallow river called Magundi, up which the men waded for some way.

Sept. 2nd.—The march was a very hard one. The road lay the whole way through forest, and soon after leaving the camp we climbed a very steep path to the top of a ridge, along which we went for some way, and then descended a most precipitous path among rocks into a deep ravine, up to the other side of which we clambered, and kept along a ridge for some way.

7th.—To-day we met with the bamboo growing in the forest—the first time we have seen it on the mainland. We had several ravines to cross, generally with streams flowing down them, and in some of them were quantities of beautiful ferns. We encamped on a hill.

12th.—The men would not stir. Provisions here were most marvelously cheap. We got eleven fowls and some beans for one doti of *merikani*, equal to about fourteen pence of English money.

13th.—We started at 6.30. The vegetation on this march was more thoroughly tropical than any I have yet seen, consisting chiefly of acacias, aloes, and cactuses; there were also numbers of trees in full bloom, but without a leaf on them. The road led across a small valley, and then rose steadily, till on the top of a ridge on which we encamped, we had risen between 1,100 and 1,200 feet. In the valley we saw a herd of wild donkeys; they were larger than English ones, and of a reddish-brown colour. Went to-day seven miles.

18th.—The road lay up a valley, and we ascended rapidly till we gained the top of the pass, 800 feet above our camp. We proceeded till we reached the dry bed of a large river, down which we marched. Soon after we entered this river bed we met Mohammed, O'Neill's interpreter, who had come to meet us. He shook hands with me, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Wilson?"—(he had been our house-steward at Zanzibar)—a salutation which sounded so strange, as all I have heard for many weeks has been "Yambo Burnia" ("Good day, sir"). I asked him how far it was to O'Neill's camp, and he said two hours. I was horrified; but as I wanted to walk on ahead, he sent a man to show me the way, and on we went down the river-bed for miles till we got round some high hills, along the base of which we went somewhat in the direction from which we had come, till we reached the little village where Clark and O'Neill were encamped. I entered their tent pretty well tired, having gone eighteen miles, the last part mostly at a tremendous pace.

IX.—At *Mpwapwa*.

Concerning this place, at which all the divisions of the expedition halted for a while, we give an extract or two from Mr. Clark's letters :—

From Mr. G. J. Clark,

Mpwapwa, Sept., 3rd, 1876.

You will be glad to know that O'Neill and I have reached here, and

received a hearty welcome from the Sultan and Governor of the district, and an assurance that they are very glad to have any white man coming to stay with them—as the Sultan said, he would be glad if we stayed 100 years; and, more than that, this morning the Governor went with me to the site I had selected as suitable for the Mission-house, and agreed at once to my having it, I agreeing to give him some cloth as a token of purchase. Our men have also been felling timber, and some has been deposited on the site, ready for building operations.

We are heartily thankful to our Heavenly Father that we have reached here, for we have suffered from ague and fever very much on the road. O'Neill had to be carried, slung in a blanket, the last three days of our march (we arrived here on the 24th August), and I could hardly sit on the donkey the day we arrived here—in fact, I fell off several times, and had to be held on; and since our arrival we have been quite prostrate and unable to go about. Still I am thankful to say we are improving in health daily. We get a calabash of milk morning and evening, and derive much benefit by it. Our tent let in the rain so much that we were wet through to the skin in bed at night; it dripped on to us, and we had no remedy. We are feeling the effects of the exposure now by the rheumatic pains all over our body. I can hardly write, owing to the pains between my shoulders.

Mpwapwa is a district really, comprising a great number of villages, and affording a field for several Missionaries; and the people appear to be a quiet, harmless race, devoting their attention to cattle-keeping and growing *matama*. A river runs along the base of the hill, and a vast plain extends beyond it, all capable of cultivation, but at present nothing but jungle with a village here and there.

Mpwapwa, Nov. 10th, 1876.

I desire gratefully to acknowledge the goodness of the Lord in restoring me to health and strength, and giving me a favourable reception among these people of Mpwapwa.

The house I am getting built for the mission is 30ft. square, four rooms, with a verandah 4ft. wide all round, making it cover a space 38ft. square; but at present very little progress is being made, nearly all the men having gone forward to the Nyanza, so that at present I have only two masons and three joiners, who are, I suppose, specimens of the native workmen of Zanzibar, and won't work as I have been in the habit of seeing my men work on the railways, but after some four or five days complain of being tired, and take a holiday, for all I tell them their pay will be stopped.

Taking all things into consideration, I fear I shall have to live under canvas for many months, which I do not mind if rain keeps away. I had to leave the room in the tembe owing to its unhealthiness.

It gives me much pleasure to speak of H. Hartnoll. As nearly all sailors are, he is an universal genius, and has taken the thatching in hand, which he is doing very well; he has also helped me in starting the garden (kitchen, for we have no flower-seeds), and has sown a bed of French beans for experiment, which we hope to see showing above ground shortly, in spite of a leopard or hyæna, which persisted in scratching up the bed for several nights, and for which we watched with our rifles, but to no purpose, only that it has abstained from troubling us since.

I trust Hartnoll's sojourn here may be productive of many benefits to both of us, and, being isolated from all but the Lord, we may learn where our strength and strong tower is.

Regarding the opportunities for mission work, in the first place, there are plenty of people in this district, who, as far as I can see, have no form of religion of any kind. Even the fetish houses and charms seen on the road have disappeared here. They fire guns and make a good noise at the new moon's appearance, but seem to have no knowledge whatever of a God.

In the second place it is easy to get an audience, for if I try a few words of Swahili, which a few of the men understand, immediately a number of Natives will surround me, sitting down, and will stay a long time listening, so that I am sure one having command of their language would always command an attentive audience. The children seem to be the difficulty. All but the very young appear to have some work which occupies them all day, as tending the goats or cattle, or frightening the birds from the fields, so that to get them to school will require a little tact. The little fellows I have got to be quite friendly. They come now to the tent early in the morning and give their "Yambo" (How are you?) or "Bookwa saa gono gwewa," instead of running away at the sight of the white man as formerly; and if I give them a tune on the concertina, I have not only all the children but the men and women round the tent at once.

The climate is healthy on the whole, as far as my experience goes. The thermometer shows a minimum of 64° average during night, and 88° during the day is nearly the lowest. One day it reached 98°, and in a shady place under cover, and a breeze blowing through, it has been down to 86°, so that it is very hot under the sun, and trying to be out much during the day. I generally rise about 5.30, and can get about nicely then the thermometer not being more than 70°.

We may here add that, after spending the winter at Mpwapwa, Mr. Clark was obliged to leave owing to continued ill-health and the difficulty he experienced in getting sufficient provisions, and to come down to Zanzibar, whence, under medical orders, he returned to England. Hartnoll, who accompanied him to the coast, was unfortunately attacked with fever at Zanzibar, and had also to be invalided home. A fresh party is now on the point of re-occupying the station, as will appear hereafter.

X.—*From Mpwapwa to the Lake.*

At Mpwapwa the four caravans were combined to form two. Mr. O'Neill and Mr. Wilson, with the first, left the station on October 7th; Lieut Smith, Dr. Smith, and Mr. Mackay, with the second, on October 21st. Mr. W. Robertson, the blacksmith, had been sent back to the coast, having proved unable to bear up against the hardships of the way; and he has returned to England in broken health. But the party was soon to be still further reduced. On November 7th, Lieut. Smith wrote from Nyambwa, in Ugogo, 110 miles further on the road:—"We are yet (like Gideon's army) *too many*; and, much against his will, I have been obliged, acting under Dr. Smith's advice, to send back our sick brother Mackay. He complains bitterly of being compelled to return."

This last misfortune turned out in many ways to the advantage of the Mission. Mr. Mackay was carried in a hammock back to Mpwapwa, but quickly recovered there, and then walked down to Bagamoyo, 230 miles, in eleven days; since which time he has been constantly and most usefully occupied on the coast, as will appear hereafter; and he hopes now immediately to follow the party to Uganda.

After leaving Mpwapwa the two caravans marched across the Marenga Mkali, a waterless plain thirty-two miles broad, and then

entered Ugogo. Here the progress was very slow, owing to the obstacles in the shape of demands for *hongo*. The total paid to five chiefs, after much bargaining, was 139 cloths, 2 lbs. brass wire, a gun, and a horn. Gunpowder was demanded, but refused:—

From Lieut. Smith.

Nyambwa, Ugogo, Nov. 7th, 1876.

If you have Stanley's "*How I found Livingstone*," you will get a better idea of the country and people than by any description of mine. The curiosity of the people of this place has in no sense abated; it needs a sentry posted at the tent door to keep them off.

Their love of "*hongo*" has probably increased, and the Wagogo may lay claim to have perfected the art of robbery. They strip our timid pagaazi even of their loin cloth, when they can get a fair opportunity, and lie in wait for stragglers. We have paid already about 140 cloths in the past sixty miles, amounting in value at Zanzibar to about £32. Ten shillings a mile ought to find a traveller something better than jungle paths and robbers.

Their artfulness is best exemplified by two occurrences which took place here. Yesterday, four donkeys were driven into a tembé, or enclosure for man and cattle—their villages—and a story was brought that they had strayed in, and must be redeemed by cloth. Again, to-day, on my paying a farewell visit to the chief, he wanted some token of friendship. I had nothing in my pocket less valuable than a match-box, which I took out, and struck a match to show him the use. Shortly after this I left, and received from the interpreter a message, saying that as I had tried to kill the Sultan I must pay thirty cloths. It is not yet done; I hope reason may come with sleep.

The passage through Ugogo is slow, as the artful chiefs compel you to remain two or three days at each place in order to fleece you the better, and make you spend money on provisions.

From Journal of Rev. C. T. Wilson.

Nguru, Usukuma, Dec. 11th.

Soon after leaving Mpwapwa, we left the beaten road to Unyanyembe, and passed through new country, which was very largely jungle or forest. Thus, on one occasion, we marched for eight consecutive days through unbroken jungle; and the last four marches before reaching this place were through another unbroken jungle, so a great deal of our time has

been spent in the forest. The people we passed through were the Wagogo or people of Ugogo,—the Wataturu, a warlike scattered tribe, who live in the first big jungle we passed through,—and the Wasukuma, or people of Usukuma, among whom we now are. The men here, when in holiday costume, smear their bodies with red clay, and dress up their hair with a paste of red clay and rancid butter, and the odour of a crowd of Wagogo is most overpowering. They seem to have no religion, and little or no idea of a God, though they are superstitious and afraid of evil spirits. They also have great faith in their “magangas,” or medicine-men, who profess to make rain, &c., and stand in great awe of them. At one village I was sat down as a “maganga” because they saw me get a light with my burning glass. I have indeed been literally the medicine-man of our caravan, and have sent many a negro away happy by giving him some “dawa,” or medicine. I have generally, too, managed to cure them. The Wagogo are not a bad-looking race, but the men disfigure themselves by boring a hole in the lobe of their ears when quite young, which they gradually enlarge to an enormous extent. They are all great thieves, and at the same time great cowards, not daring to go out after dark. The Wasukuma formed the bulk of our pagaazis. They are, like all these negroes, thinking only of the moment’s gratification, without any regard to the future. They have, what I think Col. Grant has remarked, a wonderful knowledge of edible plants and roots, and in the jungle were always bringing in some root or plant which they boiled and ate.

At Mukondoku the expedition, as we have before intimated, left the road to Unyanyembe, and turned northward, following pretty nearly Stanley’s route in 1875. On December 1st Lieut. Smith’s party were at Usuri, in Ukimba, a place called by Stanley Mgongo’s Tembe; Mgongo (says Smith) being the chief ruling at that time. After crossing another “pori” or waterless country, ninety miles wide, regarded by Stanley as a dry lake basin, they reached Nguru in Usukuma on December 10th. Here O’Neill and Wilson were already encamped:—

From Mr. T. O’Neill.

Nguru, or Gulu, in Usukuma, Dec. 29th, 1876.

We [Mr. Wilson and himself] left Mpwapwa on October 7th, and reached Chunyo the same evening. The following day and night and

part of the second day we marched continuously across the Marenga Mkali and into Ugogo (forty-one miles without stopping). In Ugogo we commenced paying hongo, and before we left it we had to pay to eight kings, each of whom delayed us two or three days before we could arrange what was to be given. They are a most grasping set, and the people generally idle and vain. After a few marches I got a fresh attack of fever, and had them constantly during our continuance in this country until we reached *Ushoré*, having to be frequently carried, or ride on a donkey; so that my mind is rather confused about many parts through which we passed. After marching for eight days through a dense jungle—the same in which Stanley had his fight—we reached the important village of *Ushoré*. Here we were detained for more than two weeks, while the jungle in our front was being examined, as the *Rugu-Rugu*—a band of robbers (part of the celebrated *Mirambo's* followers)—infested it, and had attacked another caravan, which they followed, cutting off stragglers. Here we had a note from Lieut. Smith, informing us that he was within a few days' march of us, but short of provisions. I sent off Wilson to his relief with 300 rations, and marched myself the following morning, passing through the jungle by forced marches of twelve to fourteen hours a-day, and reaching Nguru on 3rd December, and discharged all the pagaazi, as this was the place to which they had engaged to come.

I now endeavoured to engage a fresh batch to take me on to the Lake, 125 miles, but without success. The rains had commenced, and every man was fully occupied in hoeing up ground and getting in their crops. I was told that for at least one month I could not get men; and I found this near the truth. In a week after my arrival, Lieut. Smith came in with his caravan, and discharged all his men, except those who were natives of the coast.

From Lieut. Smith.

Unyanyembe (Kwikuru), Jan. 3rd, 1877.

The Lake basin which Stanley marks in his Geographical Magazine Map, and which we passed through during our last port country march, is a depression of very considerable extent. We entered it on its south east border, in Lat. $4^{\circ} 35' S.$, Long. $33^{\circ} 52' E.$ (lunar), and crossed it diagonally. Its surface is a black loam, fissured and cracked when dry, but, when wet, slippery as glass. On its western edge we met with rocks of iron-stone. Its width at the southern end is about 35 miles, and it appears to extend far to the northward. We observed no trace of any river passing through it, nor did we meet with the beds of any navigable ones in our passage across Ukimbu-Tatura.

The men were discharged because they declined to go any further. They had, in fact, reached the point to which they considered they had engaged to go ; and on the camp being pitched, they "put down their loads, donned themselves in their best clothes, and, taking their guns and spears, came and said good-bye." The expedition was thus at a stand-still ; and Lieut. Smith, leaving the rest at Nguru on December 12th, walked 96 miles to the south-west, to Unyanyembe, to engage fresh porters, and also to purchase more cloth to pay them with. He hoped to be but a few days, but five weeks afterwards he was still at Unyanyembe, with the endless bargains and negotiations still unfinished, and himself much weakened by successive attacks of the fever for which that place is notorious. Ultimately, however, he finished the business, and got back to Nguru on January 31st, 1877, "in a very bad state," wrote Dr. Smith, "with most obstinate fever and diarrhoea."

From Lieut. Smith.

Unyanyembe (Kuikuru), January 16th, 1877.

Days run into weeks. I said, I will stay four days in Unyanyembe, and I find four weeks have passed. It is good that our caravan avoided this place ; fever prevails largely at this season. As the Governor says, when they plant the malinda (India corn), and matama, then look out for fever. I have been laid half the time, and the Arabs likewise complain. It completely prostrates one, and lasts from four to seven days.

With much kind assistance from the Governor and Native king, forty pagaazi have at length been procured, and are now cutting sticks preparatory to a start. The sticks are lashed on to the bale, so that when one shoulder is fatigued, they drop the fore end on the ground, and put the other shoulder under.

January 18th.

Sticks not all cut yet, but the delay has been not without reward. The London September mail arrived from Mpwapwa by the two men we left to bring it on.

In the meantime, just after Christmas, O'Neill and Wilson had

gone forward from Nguru, in light marching order, with only twenty men ; and on January 29th, with joy and thankfulness, they stood on the shore of the Victoria Nyanza. A messenger took the news quickly back to the coast, whence it was sent to Aden by Messrs. Smith, Mackenzie & Co., of Zanzibar ; and a telegram from Aden brought the glad intelligence to London on May 14th. Mr. O'Neill's letter followed :—

From Mr. T. O'Neill.

Kagéi, Jan. 29th, 1877.

I am now able to announce our arrival at the Victoria Nyanza, after a tedious journey of thirty one days from Nguru, the distance being about 125 miles. We had expected to have accomplished this stage in fourteen or sixteen days, but, owing to the many delays which we experienced from our pagaazi, stopping at villages from various causes, sometimes sickness, but more frequently whim, we could not get on ; and were obliged to submit, or they would leave us in a worse plight by running away from us. The whole distance travelled over is studded with villages, nicely situated, and surrounded by green hedge-rows of euphorbia ; altogether, the country is a fine open one, with much cattle, and well cultivated, every village having a considerable breadth of land sown with Indian corn or millet, and everywhere water is abundant. I should say it would by proper management become a very rich country ; but the great drawback is the absence of any king or ruler recognized over the entire country. Kings there are in abundance, for every village we passed had one, but there is no central authority.

We are now at the place where Stanley had his camp, and where one of his men died and is buried—the grave marked by a stone, inscribed, “*F. B., 1875, Stanley's Ex.*” As yet I cannot say if it will suit our purposes of boat-building, &c., because we, having arrived only this day, have not as yet examined the country about us as regards the timber. From what I have been able to see, there does not appear to be very much in this neighbourhood, and the king of this place, in conjunction with Songoro, the slave-trader, is building a dhow on the island of *Ukerewe*, opposite to us. This has been in progress for the last three years, and is not yet finished ; this is the same vessel referred to by Stanley last year.

The sight of the deep blue waters of Nyanza was to us most cheering this day, after our long land journey.

Lieut. Smith and Dr. Smith followed ; but both of them were

very ill, and had to be carried the whole way from Nguru to the Lake. In addition to this, their porters robbed them and deserted wholesale ; and altogether this was to them the most trying part of the whole journey. They were 47 days getting over the distance, not 150 miles, and arrived at Kagei* on April 1st.

On the subject of travelling experiences in Africa, Mr. O'Neill very justly remarks, in a recent letter, "No two travellers will ever give the same account of Africa ; and until a more regular, civilised manner of travelling is introduced, men will differ in their estimate of the difficulties, just as they are fortunate or otherwise in overcoming them."

From Lieut. Smith.

Kagei, May 6th.

I arrived here on the 1st April, after a "stormy voyage" from Nguru. Both the doctor and I were ill the whole time. I was laid up with a bad leg, the sequel to my succession of fevers at Unyanyembe and Nguru ; the doctor with fevers and utter prostration. The men were a bad set, and all deserted but about six before we reached our destination. We left Nguru with about 360.

Usukuma—the country through which we passed—is remarkable for its productiveness ; its plains abound in cattle, which may be counted by hundreds as they feed. The road runs through acres of matama and Indian corn, whose tops look down on you from their lofty elevation of sometimes twenty feet. Vegetables of all description grow plentifully.

The men, revelling in such good fare, chose their own time for staying and starting, and, being frightened by reports ahead, deserted by fifties. We were then obliged to hire from village to village, and our troubles increased. Envy and hatred and all Satan's armoury may be found here. One village won't go within a mile of another, and our loads are accordingly dropped on the ground. Highway robbery is frequent, and bales are captured wholesale. Nor are we safe from within. Unable to get about and look after things, our own men are found stealing, and, attacked on both sides, the loss is great. More than half the goods, besides stores, are taken or lost, and, owing to the heavy rains, a large proportion of provisions are destroyed.

* This place has been variously spelt—Kagei, Kagi, Kageye, Kagehyi, Kargeyeh.

XI.—*On the Shores of the Lake.*

The efforts of the party were now directed to the making ready for crossing the Lake. The sections of the *Daisy* had suffered no little damage on the march, and the difficulty of getting materials for her repair, as well as the laziness and incapacity of the Native workmen, caused wearisome delays before she was ready for a 200 mile voyage. The following extracts describe the proceedings and daily life of the party at Kagei :

From Rev. C. T. Wilson.

Kagei, Feb. 22nd, 1877.

The heat here now in the middle of the day is very great. When we first came, the thermometer never went higher than 82° during the hottest part of the day, but now it is generally 90° for some hours. We feel the nights cold, however, especially if they are clear, or there is wind.

We have been very much troubled with ants in our tent. First of all the white ants got at our cloth, but after that was removed they disappeared. Then a number of large brown ants, which bite most terribly, took up their abode in the tent, and used to annoy us very much, crawling up our legs and on to the table and getting into our food. One night they fairly drove O'Neill and me out of bed. They swarmed into our beds in hundreds, and all over our bodies, into our hair, biting furiously all the time. Three times we had the tent turned out to destroy their nests, which they do by putting dry straw on the top and setting fire to it. At last they got so bad that we had to have the ground in and around the tent hoed up, but I am not sure whether this has got rid of them. . . .

One thing which I have enjoyed very much since I came here is a bathe every morning in the Nyanza. I go early and thus escape the risk of sun-stroke. On the road we often could not wash for days together, being barely able to get enough to drink, and the contrast makes the abundance of water here all the pleasanter. There are no crocodiles in this part of the lake, and but rarely hippopotami, so that it is quite safe as far as that is concerned. The water itself is remarkably soft, and makes capital tea and coffee.

The other morning, when going down to the Nyanza to bathe, I saw at different places, over some islands, what appeared to be clouds of brown smoke ; they rose straight up into the air, and then, from their form, I thought they must be water-spouts, but the people here say they were swarms of flies ! The numbers must have been something incalculably great, if this is true, and I have no reason to doubt it, for these clouds were miles away, out on the lake, and were of a considerable size, and there were a good many of them.

A few days ago a hippopotamus was killed near here, and we bought some of the meat. I was anxious to try it, after reading Sir Samuel Baker's eulogium of it. The first time we had it, the cook, contrary to my orders, fried it, and the consequence was, it was so tough that we could hardly get our teeth through it. But the rest we had boiled, and very nice it was. The best part is a layer of fat, which lies just under the skin ; this is very gristly, as is all the meat, and boils to a sort of jelly. The meat looks and tastes very much like beef. We have not tried making soup of it, but if we get any more "kiboko," as the people call it, we certainly shall, especially if it is a young animal, for the one our meat came off was a very old one, and it would have taken an enormous lot of boiling to make soup of it.

We are in rather an uncomfortable state just now, as we cannot get a water-tight place to live in. O'Neill and I are still living in one tent, which is a miserable thing, as, indeed, were all the tents sent out from England for our use. The roof leaks all over, and the rain pours down upon me when in bed. The tent is square, and opens at the two opposite sides ; but the flaps do not meet, and there is an opening left the whole height of the tent, through which the rain drifts, whenever the wind is in that direction. Owing, too, to the ground being very flat where our tent is, there is no drainage, and the floor becomes a pool of water whenever it rains. We have entered now on the rainy season, and have storms nearly every day ; consequently, everything iron rusts terribly rapidly, and we have to be perpetually cleaning and greasing our guns and other similar things. The Smiths are in a large tembe, or hut, which is considerably more water-tight than our tent, but which, nevertheless, leaks somewhat in wet weather.

April 4th.

I have had fever twice since I came here ; but you must not suppose that the fevers out here are at all like fevers at home—an attack of fever generally lasting only a few hours. The symptoms vary a little with each individual. In my own case it begins with a cold, wretched feeling ; then a sort of shivers pass down the back, especially along the

spine ; then a regular shivering fit comes on, and one is glad to go to bed and cover up with blankets, no matter how hot the day. This is followed by a hot stage, when the pulse is very high, and the patient in a burning heat ; this ends in a profuse perspiration, with which the fever passes off, leaving one all right, only a little weaker than before. I can tell now when an attack is coming on, and, by taking a good dose of quinine, may stop it altogether, or at least greatly moderate the attack.

You would like, perhaps, to know how we spend our day here. At six o'clock in the morning a drum beats to arouse us and our men. We get up and go to Smith's hut, where coffee and bread, and bananas, if to be had, await us, the cook having got up half an hour earlier to get it ready. Our sugar is all gone, so we use honey in its stead, if we can get it. Our bread consists of thin round cakes of flour and water, baked in a pan. At 6.30 the bugle sounds for the men to assemble, when they are drawn up in line and told off to their day's work. The carpenters, under O'Neill's direction, go to work at the boat, the other men to do odd jobs, such as cleaning tools and machinery, mending boxes, &c. I generally then go to bathe. Returned from bathing, I write, or sketch, or read, or do odd jobs ; O'Neill looks after his men. The doctor is still weak and low, and has to remain in bed most of the day. At 9.30 the drum beats for the men to go to breakfast, at which time we too profess to have breakfast, but it is often late. Breakfast is more like a dinner than an English breakfast, as it consists chiefly of meat and sweet potatoes, with rice, when we can get it. A cup of coffee and a little bread concludes it. As soon as breakfast is over we have prayers. We begin with a chapter from the Old Testament, then have one from the New Testament, both of which are discussed ; then we have extempore prayer, which each offers in turn. On Sundays we have a regular service. After prayers we go again to our several employments, the bugle having been sounded at half-past ten to call the men to their work again. Some time between three and four o'clock we go to dinner, and at five the men stop work. About seven o'clock we have tea, with bread and fruit, and then prayers, in which we follow the same plan as in the morning. We generally go to bed early.

May 15th.

The rainy season has, I am thankful to say, come to an end, and we are now comparatively comfortable in the tent. The cessation of the rains brought enormous numbers of insects, beautiful butterflies, and our old enemies, the mosquitos. I was hoping that I was altogether proof against them, but these fellows, of which there are three species, bite most viciously, and we have all had to have recourse to our mosquito-curtains.

For a few nights there have been immense quantities of dragon-flies flitting about just at sunset.

From Mr. T. O'Neill.

Kagéi, May 21st, 1877.

As regards our movements and plans here, you are no doubt aware that the steam-launch *Daisy* was reduced in length and cut up into sections, and her parts carried on here. I am sorry to say not all, and what did arrive looked a perfect wreck—a very unpromising-looking task to put together. It fell to my lot to have her rebuilt and increased in depth and otherwise modified and prepared for her work; with much difficulty we have succeeded beyond our expectations, and I am happy to say she is now just ready for launching, and her trial trip to Ukerewé this week, and thence to Karagué. On my arrival here, I soon discovered that there was no timber—the whole country, for some miles on either side, being bare of jungle or any trees suitable for either house or boat-building (in fact, we have to buy firewood for our daily use), so that the idea of building a boat had to be abandoned.

XII.—*Death of Dr. Smith.*

While they were at Kagei, it pleased God to lay His hand very heavily upon the little party. Their number had already been reduced to four, and now one of the four was removed. On May 11th Dr. John Smith entered into rest. His death was indeed a mysterious providence. He was but twenty-five years of age, and few men seemed more fitted in every way for the service of the Great Physician, whether at home or abroad. He had worked most devotedly among the poor of Edinburgh, in connection with the Medical Mission, and was known and loved by a large circle of Christian people in that city; but he left all, at the invitation of his old friend Mackay, to be a physician both of bodies and of souls in Central Africa. He suffered less than any other of the party during the first eight months, and after ordering Mr. Mackay back to the coast on the score of illness, he himself pressed forward in health and strength; and while Mackay on the coast regained

his full vigour, John Smith was struck down on the shore of the great Lake, where his mortal body rests till the Resurrection morn. The following extracts refer to his death :—

From Mr. T. O'Neil.

Kagéi, May 21st, 1877.

I had fully hoped, when last writing to you on my arrival here, that all our party would have been in Karagué and Uganda before this, but our Heavenly Father has ordained it differently. It has also pleased Him to yet further reduce our number by the removal to Himself of our dear brother, Dr. Smith, whom only a few short months ago I parted from in the enjoyment of the most robust health, and full of hope, expecting to follow me in a few days. His end was most unexpected by us; and, as yet, our little band can scarcely realize the fact of his being taken away from us. No doubt he arrived here at the end of March in a very weak state, having been carried the whole journey from Nguru, but shortly after coming he commenced to improve rapidly, up to within nine or ten days of his death, but had not acquired sufficient strength to throw off the attack of dysentery, which proved fatal. He died in the presence of us all on the 11th instant. So calmly and peacefully did he pass away, we could hardly tell when he had ceased to be one of us, and was numbered in the legions of the Lord whom he loved so well, and strove to serve faithfully to the last. His gentle Christian spirit had endeared him to us all. In him we lose a kind and sincere friend—an earnest and energetic co-partner in our work—a skilful and attentive medical adviser. I pray that it may please the Lord to raise up soon many more such zealous and sincere workers for this portion of His vineyard.

From Rev. C. T. Wilson.

We have had a terrible loss in the death of Dr. Smith. He died on the 11th instant, of dysentery, quite suddenly. He was worn to a skeleton, poor fellow, and suffered terribly. The immediate cause of death was, I think, failure of the action of the heart from extreme exhaustion. We buried him the same evening near the shores of the Nyanza, I reading the burial service over him. We have had a pile of stones raised over his grave, and we have got a block of sandstone for a headstone, and O'Neill is cutting an inscription on it. Our little party is thus reduced to three. May God raise up faithful men to fill up the gaps!

XIII.—*The Island of Ukerewe.*

At the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza, is a large island, larger than the Isle of Wight, called Ukerewe—whence, no doubt, the name, “Sea of Ukerewe,” under which the Lake was first heard of. This island, which is 25 miles from Kagei, was visited by Mr. Wilson in February, in a canoe sent by the king, Lukongeh, with a present, as soon as he heard of their arrival on the banks of the Lake. The only white man who had been there before was Mr. Stanley, and his notice of the island (*Daily Telegraph*, August 10th, 1876,) was but brief. Mr. Wilson’s account is therefore the first detailed one received in this country :—

From Rev. C. T. Wilson.

Kageye, Usukuma, March 2nd, 1877.

Soon after we arrived here, a couple of canoes came over from the king of Ukerewe, bringing us a present of a couple of goats and a couple of sheep, and an invitation to go over and see him; so, after talking the matter over, O’Neill and I decided that I had better go over, take the king a present, see what the island was like, and find out if there was suitable timber for boat-building, as there is none here. O’Neill was to stay here to look after the Zanzibar men, as we did not think it prudent to leave them by themselves, and to receive the Smiths if they came while I was away.

Accordingly, on February 8th, I left Kageye in one of the canoes which had brought over the king’s presents, accompanied by Hassani, the interpreter, four of our men, and the king of Kageye. The canoes were formed of trunks of trees hollowed out with the axe, and had planks tied on to them to make them higher, the cracks and seams being stuffed with dead banana-leaves instead of caulking. They were clumsy, rotten old things, and leaked terribly, one man being almost constantly employed in baling out the water. We started at half-past ten and reached the little island of Vezi at a quarter to two.

On the western side of the island there is a pretty little bay, in which we landed, as we were to pass the night on the island, the canoe-men saying it was too far to Ukerewe to go on that day.

During the night we had a thunder storm, and the following morning

the water was still rough, and we had to wait some hours for the waves to subside. At twenty minutes to twelve we set off. It was by no means as still as could be wished, and at first the waves kept dashing into the canoe, completely drenching me and my bedding. It gradually, however, became calmer, and we shipped no more water. The canoe-men are by no means good at their work. They steer badly, by which the distance is considerably increased, and they do not keep time in their paddling, by which there is a great loss of power. They kept singing most of the way, and one of their songs was thus translated to me:—"Many men are dead; for them we are sorry, for they never saw the white man. We have seen the white man and are glad." I trust before long they will have true cause to be glad that ever they saw the white man.

Soon after three o'clock we arrived off the island, and fired a couple of shots to announce our approach. We then entered a large bay, which runs up into the island on the south. It is exceedingly picturesque, especially on the western side where we entered it.

We paddled along the western coast of the bay for some distance, and, after passing through a belt of thorny acacias, which fringes the shore, landed in a swampy little creek, made conspicuous by an immensely tall mahama palm—the only palm, indeed, I saw on the island. We then walked to a village, about a mile and a half from where we landed, passing on our way through two large groves of banana-trees. It was too early, however, for fruit. At this village we were to pass the night, as the king lived at some distance, and it was getting late. A tembe, or hut, was cleared for my use, and I got my bedding spread out to dry, and got dry myself at a large fire that was burning in the middle of the village. I had rather an uncomfortable night, as the tembe swarmed with rats, which kept racing over me all the night, constantly awakening me.

We set off early next morning for the king's village. Our road lay at first across a rocky ridge, from which I got a splendid view of part of the island and of two large bays—one on the north, the other on the south—the one we had entered the previous day, which nearly cut the island in two. Then we descended into jungle abounding in giant cacti, which gave it rather a peculiar appearance. We passed two villages in it, and at the further end I saw plenty of good timber for boat-building, though hard, being mostly acacia. After going about ten miles we came in sight of the king's village, and fired two shots to let him know we were near. Arrived at the village, we were taken to a couple of tembes which had been set apart for my use and that of my attendants, as the king was out at that moment. The village, or town as it might almost be

called, consists of a large number of bee-hive-like huts in irregular rows or streets, each standing in its own little garden or enclosure. In the centre of the town is a large space enclosed by a tall hedge of stakes, in which is the king's tembe and those of his wives, of whom he has from twenty to thirty. About an hour after our arrival, a messenger came to say that the king had returned and would be glad to see me, so I followed him and found the king in his court-house—a large, circular, open building, with a conical thatched roof—surrounded by his chiefs, about a hundred in all.

The king appeared to be about thirty years of age, rather good-looking for a negro, and decidedly intelligent. A seat was placed for me near him, and conversation began. He asked about our party, how many white men there were, what way we had come, and similar questions; then he asked my name, which both he and his chiefs vainly endeavoured to pronounce, and which got parodied into all sorts of sounds, not the least like the original. He then asked O'Neill's name, and seemed to find no difficulty in that. Soon after this our interview terminated, and I retired to my hut, where I found a fine goat tied up, a present from the king for my dinner.

In the afternoon I paid the king an informal visit at his house, and had a long and interesting conversation with him.

I think that the Island of Ukerewe is a most promising spot for a mission station. The king is very favourably disposed towards us, is very liberal, and seems really desirous of instruction, though at present of course his desires do not go beyond earthly things. In addition to this the island is very fertile, growing almost anything apparently. It is, I should judge, healthy, there being seemingly no swamps and plenty of high ground. Food is cheap, and land, I should say, could easily be got, for much of the island, even down to the water's edge, is jungle. A man stationed here would not only find plenty of work on the island itself, but, if possessed of a good boat, an indispensable addition to the station, could visit the neighbouring islands and shores of the mainland to make known the Gospel.

On this island a half finished dhow was found, which had been five years in building, for the use of an Arab trader named Songoro. On arriving at Kagei, Lieutenant Smith went over to Ukerewe to see it, and ultimately purchased it, with a view to its employment, when complete, in the conveyance of heavier goods than the *Daisy*

could well take. On June 15th, the *Daisy* being at last ready for sea, the whole party removed from Kagei to Ukerewe, to make the island their head-quarters while finishing the dhow.

From Lieut. Smith.

Ukerewe Island, June 16th, 1877.

Owing to the sickness of our carpenters, we only got away from Kagei yesterday. The *Daisy*, favoured by a fresh breeze, carried her live cargo and a considerable quantity of dead weight over in about eight hours. She is slightly altered in appearance since she left Messenger's yard—shorter by six feet, and taller by one (through false keel and raising upon). She carries well the extra canvas put upon her of a mizen and jib. We found it rather difficult to make her water-tight, the sun's rays having so cracked and shrunk the planking; with that one exception, she is stronger and better fitted for her work than before.

The distance from Kagei here is about twenty-five miles. Starting early, you get the fresh south-easterly breeze of the morning, which dies away about nine, after gradually drawing round to eastward, giving place to calm or light northerly winds on the southern shores. . . .

The Ruges(h)i Straits, separating the island of Ukerewe from the main land (at a nearer point than Kagei), is a narrow, shallow channel, overgrown with papyrus, rush, and a firm network of grass, which undulates like thin ice as men move along upon it. The channel through which boats go has been partially cleared to a breadth of six feet, its surface covered with a luxuriant growth of water-lilies, and a cabbage-form plant with a geranium-like leaf. Crocodiles are said to abound there, and the natives and canoe-men who use it carry with them long sticks, with which they probe the sandy bottom to feel for them before venturing into the water. The channel is about three quarters of a mile in length. . . .

The king, Lukongeh, extends his dominions across this narrow strait, a line drawn S.S.E. from Majita to Speke's Gulf forming his eastern boundary. He is a wise and popular ruler, and his people seem happy and contented. From their chiefly going about with sticks instead of spears in their own country, one concludes that peace is the rule. They are certainly superior in many respects to the mainland races, dressing the skin petticoat and ornamenting their persons with much taste.

Yesterday, the 16th, we—Wilson, O'Neill, and myself—paid a visit to the king. His dignity demanded a patient sitting of nearly three-quarters of an hour before he received us, and then perhaps only because

we were setting off to return. He was very pleased at having three white men to show to his numerous wives, and asked us to bare our heads for their scrutiny. O'Neill's fine beard attracted general admiration, and the king determined to satisfy himself of its genuineness by pulling it about. He asked why we did not stop with him and teach his children and people. He would, I think, treat any one well who was sent to him, and his authority is extensive, and his communication with neighbouring states frequent.

The dry season is acting beneficially for us all. I am much stronger and able to get about without crutches; and fresh breezes and exercise at the oar will, I trust, put me all to rights.

I trace the hand of God as furthering our work in the purchase of the dhow. Had we to build a boat, it would cost us much time and more money, as every timber has to be purchased—at least had to be in Kagei, and though Ukerewe is better wooded, the love of extracting cloth from the white man is a natural feature which altereth not.

XIV.—*Invitation from King Mtesa.*

It was the intention of Lieut. Smith, leaving O'Neill at Ukerewe to finish the dhow, to sail across with Wilson direct to Karagué first—there to leave Wilson with King Rumanika, and go on alone to Uganda, to ascertain the prospects of a Mission at King Mtesa's. And in closing the letter above quoted, on June 17th, he says, "Now that we are about taking possession, in the name of Christ, of our respective kingdoms, pray for us. How much we need your prayers we ourselves faintly know. Yet this we know, *He heareth you.*"

But a remarkable incident altered their plan. Only a day or two after the dispatch of that letter, messengers arrived from King Mtesa, with the following letter, written by the boy Mufta or Dallington, whom Stanley had left in Uganda, as before mentioned:—

King Mtesa's Letters to Lieut. Smith.

April 10th, 1877.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND.—I have heard that you have reached Ukerewe,

so now I want you to come to me quickly. I give you Magombwa to be your guide, and now you must come to me quickly. This letter from me, MTESA, King of Uganda, written by Dallington Scopion Maftar, April 10th, 1877.

(Written on the back of the above.)

April 10th, 1877.

To MY DEAR SIR,—I have heard that you are in Ukerewe, and this king is very fond of you. He wants Englishmen more than all. This is from your servant,
DALLINGTON SCOPION, April 10th, 1877.

These messengers had been more than two months on the way, and Mtesa, in his impatience, had sent another deputation, “more, and more honourable than they,” who arrived at Ukerewe a day or two after the first, bringing another letter * :—

MY SECOND LETTER TO MY DEAR FRIEND WITE MEN,—I send this my servant that you may come quickly, and therefore I pray you come to me quickly, and let not this my servant come without you. And send my salaam to Lukonge, King of Ukerewe, and Thaduma Mwanangwa, of Kageye, and Songoro. This from me, MTESA, King of Uganda.

It was accordingly resolved that both Smith and Wilson should at once proceed to Uganda.

XV.—*Voyage across the Lake.—Attack by the Wakara.*

The *Daisy* left Ukerewe on the morning of Monday, June 25th.

From the Rev. C. T. Wilson.

Rubaga, Uganda, July 6th, 1877.

Lukongi, the King of Ukerewe, gave us a bullock as provision for the journey, which we expected would take us three days. This bullock was killed early on the Monday morning, and as Smith wanted to take advantage of a fine breeze there was, which generally died away at noon, he said we would not wait to cook the meat, but that we would land on the

* A fac-simile of the original of this second letter appeared in the *Church Missionary Gleaner* for March, 1878.

island of Ukara, marked in Stanley's map about thirty miles N. of us, for that purpose, as he also wished to take some observations there.

At the north-eastern extremity of the island we saw a snug little bay, which we thought would suit our purpose, and accordingly made for it. As we got near we noticed a number of curious little grass huts on the rocks; and as we went up the bay, numbers of wild-looking Natives collected on the rocks and shore, and set up a loud musical cry, which was re-echoed by the cliffs, and sounded very beautiful; but it was a cry of ill-omen to us, though we did not then know it. On a nearer approach the Natives assumed a threatening attitude, pointing their spears and aiming their arrows at us. Just then a rock appeared ahead, and Smith brought the boat sharply round, laying her broadside on to the shore, and this, no doubt, saved our lives, for now the threats of the Natives broke into open hostility, and stones and arrows began to fly about us, and spears were thrown, and some of us hurt. The crew got rather terrified, but one man seized an oar and pushed the boat's head out, and, our foresail being up and the wind favourable, we soon were carried out of the reach of missiles. When we were a safe distance from shore, we ascertained that four had been wounded, namely, Smith, who had received a bad blow on the left eye from a stone, which gave him great pain, and rendered him almost blind; Hassani, our interpreter, who had a cut finger; Said, one of the crew, who had a slight scratch on the arm; and myself, who had an arrow-wound on the left arm. The arrow was a poisoned one, but most of the poison was wiped off by passing through my coat and shirt, and I experienced no ill-effects from it. Our escape was almost miraculous, for had not this rock suddenly appeared, we should have run the boat on shore, and our chances then of escape would have been small indeed; and we cannot but acknowledge the protecting hand of a heavenly Father in this as in many things.

We then directed our course for Uganda, and having a favourable breeze all that day and night, came in sight of land, somewhat to our surprise, early the following morning. The land first sighted proved to be some very pretty wooded islands, apparently uninhabited, off the coast of Uganda. Passing these we entered a creek, and put our guide on shore to enquire the way, as he did not know where he was. He returned shortly, saying the land was Uganda, and our way lay up the creek. So we set off again, and sailed all day up the creek, which turned in various directions. The scenery in some places was lovely. About an hour after sunset we anchored off a little village where our guide left us, saying we must wait while he went to the king to announce our arrival.

From other letters, both from Mr. Wilson and Lieut. Smith, it appears that the latter, whose sight had been weakened by fever in the Ashanti campaign four years ago, had his blue spectacles on when the stone struck him. He was blinded with blood; yet in that condition, and suffering acutely, he sucked Wilson's arm to get the poison out of the wound. He was quite unable to see for some weeks, and it is feared that the sight of his *best* eye, which was the one struck, is gone; but the other is still available, though previously regarded as almost a useless one. Mr. Wilson's wound fortunately bled profusely; and tobacco and caustic were applied to it. Lieut. Smith, in a private letter, says, "Don't blame the Natives; they gave us warning not to approach by their war-cry, which I mistook for a note of welcome." A significant fact is mentioned in a later letter. Two or three months afterwards, some of the Wakara, encouraged by Lieut. Smith's forbearance in not retaliating upon them, came over to Ukerewe, and visited the Mission-camp, where, it need scarcely be said, they were received with all Christian kindness.

With reference to the *rock*, which had so providentially kept the boat off the island, Lieut. Smith says:—"I shall ever thank God for putting that rock in our way. I have often wondered, looking at it from a sailor's point of view, why Christ is so often called the *Rock*, seeing how fatal to mariners rocks generally are. It is different now."

Wednesday and Thursday they waited at this village, and on Friday started for Rubaga, the capital of Uganda, which they reached on the Saturday evening.

XVI.—*Reception by King Mtesa.*

Sunday, July 1st, was spent in retirement, "the King quite

understanding why they did not call on him that day." Monday morning was fixed for the reception:—

From the Rev. C. T. Wilson.

Rubaga, Uganda, July 6th, 1877.

About 8 o'clock a.m. two of the chief officers came to fetch us. They were neatly dressed in Turkish costume, long white tunics, trousers, and stockings, with red shoes and caps. A few soldiers, neatly dressed in white tunics and trousers, and armed with flint-lock guns, formed our escort as we climbed the hill, on the top of which stands Mtesa's palace. This is a long and lofty building of tiger-grass stems, and is thatched with grass, and is extremely clean and neat. In front of the palace is a number of courts separated from one another by high fences of tiger-grass, and sliding doors between them of the same material. These doors were opened as we approached, and closed behind us. In each court two lines of soldiers, neatly dressed in white, were drawn up, between which we passed.

Arrived at the palace itself, we entered the central hall, hat in hand, and found all the chief men of the country sitting along each side on wooden stools. All were dressed in Turkish costume, some in black tunics, others in red, and others again in white ones. All rose as we entered, and we were conducted to the upper end of the hall, where the king sat on a chair of white wood, with a carpet before him, the rest of the hall being strewn with dry grass. He was dressed in a black Turkish tunic, white trousers bound with red, white stockings, and he wore red shoes, and had a red cap on his head; he also wore a richly mounted sword. He came down from his throne and shook hands with us, and motioned us to two seats which had been placed for us. We then sat for some time looking at one another, till he called one of the messengers he had sent to Ukerewe for us, and bade him narrate our adventures, which the man did in an eloquent speech. Then the letter from the Sultan of Zanzibar was read, and next the Society's letters were presented, and the English one translated into Suahili for the king by Mufta, the boy whom Stanley left to instruct the king; and when a reference occurred to our Lord, the king ordered a salute to be fired, which, as Mufta explained to us, was for joy at the mention of the name of Jesus. The letter finished, and a short discussion having followed, the presents were produced and offered to the king, who seemed satisfied with them. After this we retired. Altogether this first interview was most satisfactory, though, of course, rather constrained and formal.

The following morning we had another interview with the king, his court again being present. He said he wanted us to make guns and gun-powder, and seemed rather disappointed at first when we told him we had not come to teach such things, but afterwards he seemed satisfied, and said what he wanted most was to be taught, he and his people, to read and write. After we had gone he sent a message to say he had one word which he wanted to say to us, but was afraid to do so before the people in the morning; so we settled to go up in the afternoon to hear what it was he wanted to say. So about four o'clock we went up, and found him in one of the side halls, with only a few attendants. We asked what the word he wanted to say was, and he said he wanted to know if we had brought the book—the Bible. He did not like to ask in the morning, as there were some Arabs and Mahommedans present. We set his mind at rest about that, and then he took us into his palace grounds, to show us the place and the beautiful views to be had from various points; he also pointed out two sites which he would give us—one for a mission-house, the other for a school—both of which are to be commenced at once.

Some fragments of Lieut. Smith's account may be added. The allusions to his blindness will not fail to be noticed:—

From Lieut. Smith.

Rubaga, Uganda, July 8th, 1877.

This was our reception. I could not see, so my report is that of ear.

The king rose as we entered, and advanced to the edge of his carpet, and shook hands. A fine fellow, over six feet, broad shoulders, and well made; grace, dignity, and an absence of affectation in his manner. He motioned us to seats. Then five minutes were allowed for drum-beating and looking round. I longed for sight to see.

Calling one of our guides, I heard his animated report. Then the Sultan of Zanzibar's letter was read, after which the C. M. S.'s.

It was read in Suahili by a young fellow named Mufta, one of the boys Stanley had brought with him, and left with the king, at his request, to teach him to read the Bible. At the first pause, the king ordered a *feu de joie* to be fired, and a general rejoicing for the letter; but at the end, where it was said that it was the religion of Jesus Christ which was the foundation of England's greatness and happiness, and would be of his kingdom also, he half rose from his seat, called his head musician, Tolé, to him, and ordered a more vigorous rejoicing to be made, and desired the interpreter to tell us that this which we heard and saw (for

all the assembly were bowing their heads gently, and noiselessly clapping their hands, and saying "*Nyanzig*" five or six times) was for the name of Jesus. This from the centre of Africa, dim as his knowledge may be, must rejoice the hearts of all Christians.

The king then asked, "Have you seen my flag? I hoist that flag because I believe in Jesus Christ." This "Christian flag" is a medley of all colours, suggestive of the universality of Christ's kingdom.

The following day we went twice. In the morning it was a full court as before, and from some cause he seemed suspicious of us, and questioned us about Gordon, and rather wanted to bully us into making powder and shot, saying, "Now my heart is not good." We said we came to do as the letter told him, not to make powder and shot; and if he wished it, we would not stay. He paused for some time, and then said, "What have you come for—to teach my people to read and write?" We said, "Yes, and whatever useful arts we and those coming may know." Then he said, "Now my heart is good: England is my friend. I have one hand in Uganda, and the other in England."

He asked after Queen Victoria, and wished to know which was greatest, she or the Khedive of Egypt. The relative size of their dominions was explained to him, and referring him to our letter, I said how desirous England was that his kingdom should be prosperous.

The king has some pretty sayings. On giving him the presents (Turkey rug, handsome Arab, photos, musical boxes, &c.), I remarked that some few little things were lost owing to theft on the way. He replied, "Great rivers swallow up small. Now I have seen your faces, I do not look on the presents."

Executions such as Speke describes have ceased. The drawings in his book are most faithful.

Eye says, you must stop.

The following Sunday Mr. Wilson conducted a public service at the palace:—

From Rev. C. T. Wilson.

Rubaga, Uganda, Sunday, July 8th, 1877.

This letter is to go early to-morrow morning, and I cannot close it without telling you of a very interesting service I held at the palace to-day. The king, chief men, and others, about 100 in all, were present. I read a chapter from the Old and New Testament, Mufta translating, and explained a few things which the king asked. We then had a few prayers, all kneeling, and to my surprise and pleasure, a hearty "Amen"

followed each prayer. The king had told them to do so. I next gave them a short address on the Fall, and our consequent need of a Saviour, telling them of Christ. Mufta translated. All listened with great attention, and the king afterwards asked many questions. It was very encouraging indeed.

Later letters give further interesting details :—

From Rev. C. T. Wilson.

Rubaga, Uganda, July 26th.

I cannot help hoping that there is a good work going on in the king's heart. Certainly he is very different from what he was when Speke was here. Mtesa himself said to me one day after I had been talking to him, "When Speke was here I was a heathen, but now I know better." He certainly has a great respect for the name of God, and shows great care for all matters connected with religion. He shows his respect for Sundays now by hoisting his flag, which he does not do on ordinary days, but in all other matters things go on much the same as on other days.

Smith has begun teaching the king the alphabet, as he is very anxious to learn English; but though he is quick and intelligent, yet, as everything is done in public, he does not get on very fast. A few days ago Smith went up and found him trying to teach a number of small boys the letters he had himself already learnt, so Smith took them in hand. The king is anxious that his people should learn to read and write, speak English, and any other accomplishment that we can teach them, but he wants to learn everything himself first, and to be the medium of instruction to his chiefs and people.

July 28th.

We have been up to the palace pretty often, and I always take my Bible with me, and am nearly always able to read and speak to the king and his people. They listen with attention, and he often asks questions, many of them decidedly intelligent ones. I hold a sort of service there every Sunday morning, when I read the Bible, explaining anything I think may not be quite clear as I go along, give them a short address, and conclude with some prayers from the Prayer-book. Everything is very quiet and orderly at these services, the people are very attentive, and the king translates all I read and say into Kiganda for the benefit of those who do not understand Kisuahili, Mufta always acting as interpre-

ter for me. I get them all to kneel during the prayers. They are very reverent in their manner, and join in the Amens.

I gave the king a lesson in geography the other day from a large map of Africa, which was among his presents, and showed him what a saving it would be to us if we could come up the Nile, instead of going all round by Zanzibar. He was very much struck by it, and seemed quite to see what an advantage it would be. He told us the other day that he wished to send an ambassador to England to the Queen with presents, to form a sort of treaty; he asked what he should send, and we said anything that was made in his country, or which it produced. We advised him to send his ambassador with O'Neill when he returns at the end of the year.

The king has built us a house somewhat after the Native style, but we are making preparations to build a two-storied house of sun-dried bricks; and as soon as Smith returns from Ukerewe, where he is returning to fetch the rest of our things, we shall begin it.

We shall try and persuade the king to send one of his own sons, or, failing that, some of his chiefs' sons to England.

From Lieut. Smith.

Ukerewe, October 6th.

My last letter told you, I think, of the king's earnest desire to learn more of Christ, and the almost excited manner in which he puts it before his people. He asks some intelligent questions. "Why," he said, "are so many white men unbelievers in Christ?" When told that faith was the gift of God, and that no man could call Jesus the Son of God except through the Holy Spirit, he turned to his people, and, pointing up, said, "All comes from above, all comes from God."

He showed us a brass bugle he had made himself. It was well made, and I asked who had taught him. His answer was "God." He tells a quaint story of his descent from Ham, and has promised to give the genealogy complete, and how his ancestors have preserved the grave of Ham, who was buried in Uganda, and a man is kept to look after it, forbidden any food but milk.

"Was not Ham buried in Uganda?"

"Don't know."

"Yes, he was, and some day I will show you his grave."

On July 30th, Lieut. Smith, leaving Mr. Wilson in Uganda, started to return to Ukerewe, where Mr. O'Neill had meanwhile been busily engaged upon the dhow. Vexatious delays with the

men continually occurred, and on October 14th, our latest date at present, they were still on the island, but expected in another fortnight to leave finally, with all their *impedimenta*, for Uganda. They had not heard from Wilson since Smith left him.

XVII.—*Mr. Mackay's Road to Mpwapwa.*

We must not omit just to notice Mr. Mackay's proceedings after he was sent back by Dr. Smith to the coast in November, 1876. On arriving at Zanzibar, he at once directed his efforts to the preparation of another caravan to follow with further supplies to the Lake. He first went to Mombasa, to consult with Captain Russell at Frere Town; and he returned along the coast southward on foot, looking out at the various villages for porters. In the meanwhile, Mr. Roger Price, of the London Mission to Lake Tanganika, had struck out a new route for the first hundred miles inland from Saadani, near the mouth of the Wami, which avoided the unhealthy swamps of the old track from Bagamoyo. This route Mr. Mackay resolved to adopt, and with a view to it he had to spend some weeks in going backwards and forwards in dhows, transferring to Saadani the goods lying at Bagamoyo, and taking thither the fresh supplies purchased at Zanzibar. After much labour, he dispatched a caravan on March 9th, under the care of an Englishman recommended by Dr. Kirk. Immediately afterwards he was struck down by fever, and remained helpless for a whole month. On his recovery, he set about the useful work of constructing a rough waggon-road from Saadani to Mpwapwa, in order to use bullock-carts on Mr. Roger Price's plan for the conveyance of heavy goods, and thus avoid the trouble and expense of such large bands of porters. This task he completed in three months and a half, finishing the road at Mpwapwa on August 8th.

He then returned to the coast, purchased carts and oxen, set to

work to break in the latter, and at length, towards the end of November, made a start from Saadani with six earts and some seventy oxen, though even these would not suffice to carry all the supplies Lieut. Smith had written for. Heavy rains had now set in, and turned the whole country into a swamp, and the progress was painfully slow over the undulating country, especially where swollen streams had to be crossed. On the last day of 1877, they were encamped by the Rukagura river, about a hundred miles on the road.

In the meanwhile Mr. Maekay had been joined by a reinforcement sent out from England. Mr. Tytherleigh, a young carpenter, who has already been of great assistance in training the oxen, is to go on with him to Uganda; and four others, Dr. Baxter, and Messrs. Copplestone, Henry, and Last, are to re-occupy Mpwapwa.

XVIII.—*Conclusion.*

The Committee have lately issued a fresh appeal for both men and means. If Karagué, and the Island of Ukerewe, are to be occupied as well as Uganda, four more men should be sent out at once. "Are there no young incumbents or curates," says the appeal, "among the thousands of the English or Irish clergy, full of faith and power, ardent for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, prepared to volunteer for this great enterprise? Devoted schoolmasters, or laymen acquainted with agriculture, boat-building, or weaving, or workers in wood or iron, would also be welcomed." A further sum of £10,000 is also asked for, towards which an anonymous thank-offering of £4,000, "for the good hand of God over His servants in the Nyanza Mission," has already been promised.

We cannot better emphasise this appeal, and close this review of

the Victoria Nyanza Mission, than by quoting a few lines from Lieut. Smith's last letter, dated Ukerewe, October 12th :—

“ Wholesome lines are those you sent :—

‘ I know not the way I'm going,
But well do I know my Guide.’

“ Pray for us all, that we may know Him better and better until the perfect day. I know you all pray for us. Cease not for a day. We are truly in the midst of perils—dangers from within and dangers from without—pestilence and sword and sea ; but, above all, we need prayer, that unity and brotherly love may grow and live amongst us. The very importance given to our Mission is a danger lest pride make us look to the world for applause, and ambition prompt us to write self instead of Christ. This is a great danger—I feel it ; but His grace is all-sufficient for us. Call it down upon us by prayer, and we will look up for it with praise.”

And as we began with a reference to Dr. Krapf, so we conclude with a few words lately written by him :—

Kornthal, Jan. 22nd, 1878.

With hearty thanks to God I have read that your missionaries have reached Uganda, and have been well received. No man has more cause for thankfulness than myself. By the establishment of a Mission in the centre of Africa, my urgent wish for the location of a Mission-chain between East and West Africa has at least fulfilled by half way. The western half will be brought about on the Lualaba, which Mr. Stanley, in the providence of God, has discovered. Since 1844 this chain of stations has been an object of thought and prayer, and now I have been permitted to live and see the development of this plan. True, many reverses may trouble your faith, love, and patience, but you have the promises of the Lord on your side, and especially the promise of Isaiah ii. 18. Though many missionaries may fall in the fight, yet the survivors will pass over the slain in the trenches, and take this great African fortress for the Lord.

“ Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it ; for I will give it unto thee.”—GEN. xiii. 17.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the foregoing sheets were printed off, the melancholy news has been received of the death of Lieutenant SMITH and Mr. O'NEILL. The accounts, gathered from three of their Native followers, are as yet only fragmentary, and probably we shall never know the full circumstances. But it appears that, some time in November, Lieut. Smith and Mr. O'Neill sailed with the *Daisy* and the dhow for Kagei, to take in the heavy stores, &c., left there. The dhow was wrecked among the rocks at that place; and they then started in the *Daisy* to sail across to Uganda, but being baffled by contrary winds, put back to Ukerewe. They found a quarrel going on between Lukongeh, the king of Ukerewe, and Songoro, the Arab who had sold them the dhow; and Songoro seems to have asked Lieut. Smith to let the *Daisy* take his women and children to a neighbouring island for safety. This was done, and, while the boat was away, Songoro's party was attacked by Lukongeh and a large force. Songoro, being wounded, fled to the Mission camp; and Lukongeh demanded that he should be given up. Lieut. Smith refused to surrender one who had fled to him for protection, whereupon his party was immediately attacked by Lukongeh. They defended themselves for some time, but being at length overpowered, they were all killed except three Natives.

Significant, indeed, do the words of Lieut. Smith's letter on the opposite page now appear—"We are truly in the midst of perils." And those of Dr. Krapf on the same page—"Many Missionaries

may fall in the fight." They had fallen when he wrote. Let the rest of the sentence be our motto for the future—"Yet the survivors will pass over the slain in the trenches, and take this great fortress for the Lord!"

The C. M. S. Committee fully intend, God helping them, to prosecute the Mission with energy. Three men have been already sent out to Zanzibar to join Mackay's party; and four others are to go up the Nile and endeavour to reach Uganda from the north side.

As for the dear brethren whose loss we are mourning, they have gained their heavenly crowns early, and received the gracious welcome from Him who died a worse death for them—"Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Let us thank God for them, and ask Him to give us many like them.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."—ST. JOHN xii. 24.

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